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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

WE are now in possession of the plans of the secret or avowed enemies of Parliamentary Reform. The Government Bill will not be encountered by a direct negative, but an endeavour will be made to shelve it by proposing one of those abstract resolutions which have of late years become such favourite and formidable weapons of House of Commons warfare. Earl Grosvenor has given notice that on the second reading of the measure he will move a resolution that it is inexpedient to discuss a Bill for the reduction of the franchise in England and Wales until the House has before it the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people. That this line of tactics would be followed is no more than might have been anticipated from the speeches made during the recent debate; but we confess that we scarcely anticipated that Earl Grosvenor would have consented to lead the van. We cannot forget, although the noble lord appears to have done so, that he moved the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne at the commencement of the present session, and that that Speech announced the intention of her Majesty's Ministers to lay on the table the very Bill which it is the object of this resolution to condemn. We are quite aware that the Address was couched in the vague terms which are usually employed in such documents; but a member who stands sponsor even for a mild echo of the Ministerial programme is usually understood to pledge himself to at least a general approval of the policy therein indicated. Earl Grosvenor's notice is an indication either of something approaching political treachery, or of an instability of opinion and a weakness of purpose, which are entirely unworthy of the position which he holds, or of the leading part which he apparently seeks to play. It is as yet too early to speculate on the probable number of the mutinous or disaffected Whigs whom he may be able to lead over to the enemy's camp. In all probability the strength of this traitorous phalanx will greatly depend upon the way in which the country receives the news of the impending manœuvre. We believe that there are many willing to wound, but at present afraid to strike. A decided manifestation of public opinion will keep them faithful to their colours; but in the absence of any such manifestation, they will indulge their natural proclivities and follow "the Scotch terrier"—whichever may be his head or his tail. The country has the matter in its own hands. If it chooses to make good use of the three weeks which still intervene before the second reading of the Bill, all will yet go well. But if it leaves the Government to contend unaided with the Philistines on both sides of the House of Commons, neither the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone nor the authority of

Earl Russell will avail against the combination of selfish interests and of disappointed ambitions which are ranged in opposition to an honest, though timid, attempt to enlarge the pale of the constitution. We scarcely need do more than allude to the notice given by Sir William Hutt who appears to have joined the other irritated ex-officials on the fourth bench behind the Treasury seat. He is to move that "this Act shall not commence or take effect until provision shall have been made for such redistribution of the seats for the counties, cities, and boroughs of Great Britain and Ireland as Parliament shall deem expedient." To make the operation of an Act dependent upon the passing of another which may or may not be introduced, and to which Parliament may or may not agree, is so obviously absurd that words would be wasted upon such a proposition. It shows the animus of its author, but that is all. The real fight will take place upon Earl Grosvenor's amendment.

The condition of Ireland was brought under the consideration of the House of Lords at the close of last week by Earl Grey, in a speech to which it is impossible to deny the praise due to honesty, ability, and earnestness. Nevertheless, it did not realize the expectations which were excited by the noble earl's notice. We expected that he would review the whole subject, whereas he dismissed, in the most cursory manner, many of the most interesting and important topics. Although he blamed the Government for having no policy in regard to the sister country, and condemned their sitting with hands folded before them, waiting until time and emigration should bring prosperity, contentment, and loyalty to an integral but unhealthy portion of the body politic, he had himself no remedy to offer at all commensurate with the extent and virulence of the disease. We do not propose now to discuss the Irish Church question. The Protestant Established Church may or may not be as objectionable an institution as the Whigs of thirty years ago were never tired of calling it. But we are quite certain that no Parliament which is likely to be assembled at Westminster will ever sanction Earl Grey's visionary scheme of dividing its endowments, *plus* a considerable annuity charged upon the Consolidated Fund, amongst the various religious denominations which flourish in Ireland. The whole tendency of public opinion is opposed to the foundation of new religious establishments; and even if the noble earl could get England and Scotland to assent to his plan, it is probable that he would encounter an insuperable obstacle in the disinclination of the Roman Catholic clergy to accept State pay. But be this as it may, there is no reason to believe that the disendowment of the Protestant Church would have any appreciable effect on the classes who are addicted to Fenianism. Even if it be a right thing to do, it will not assist us in solving the problem

which is immediately pressing; and its agitation will only occupy time which might be better spent in investigating the social questions which lie at the root of Irish distress and disaffection. These questions will not settle themselves, although the Government professes to indulge such a hope. And in spite of clever speeches like that of Lord Dufferin, thoughtful men will continue to hold with Mr. Mill, that the progressive depopulation of Ireland is a standing reproach to the Imperial Government, and requires to be arrested by more vigorous measures than appear at present contemplated by Earl Russell's Cabinet.

The Bill for permitting Dissenters to become M.A.'s of Oxford, and, as such, members of Convocation, and therefore of the governing body of the University, was read a second time in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon. It was, of course, opposed by the Conservatives, who professed to see all sorts of dangers in the admission of a few Nonconformists to the privileges demanded on their behalf. The thin-end-of-the-wedge argument was repeated *usque ad nauseam*; and it was dolefully prophesied that if this trifling concession were made there would soon be an end to all definite religious teaching either on the part of the universities, or of the colleges. The supporters of the measure had, however, little difficulty in showing that it would have no such effect; that it would not in any way imperil the ascendancy of the Established Church in this venerable institution; and that it was far more likely that the University would convert the Dissenters, than that the few Dissenters admitted would change the character of the University. A very large majority voted in favour of the more liberal and as we think the more correct view. But owing to circumstances on which it is unnecessary here to dwell, the division can hardly be accepted as a fair test of the opinion of the House, and it is already announced that the struggle will be renewed on the motion to go into committee. The measure is safe so far as the Lower House is concerned; but we fear that it will receive its *coup de grace* from the House of Lords.

The debate in the French Corps Législatif upon the amendment to the address, in favour of increased domestic liberty, has, of course, resulted in a large Government majority. That is not, however, a result from which the Emperor can derive much satisfaction, considering the means by which the members who voted against the amendment were elected and by which their fidelity is in many cases still secured. It is a significant fact that in a chamber elected under the whole pressure of Government influence unsparingly and unblushingly exerted, sixty members have been found to protest in moderate but firm language, against the oppressive character of the Imperial régime. It is still more significant that forty-five of these are not members of any of those "ancient parties" of which we have heard so much. They profess to be, and, for anything we know, they are, sincere friends and adherents of the Napoleonic dynasty; and are in favour of intrusting the Executive with an amount of power which, in this country, we should regard as excessive. But notwithstanding this, they cannot look with complacency or satisfaction at the continual denial to French citizens of the most moderate freedom of writing, of speech, or of political combination. They cannot forget a certain Imperial promise that the edifice should one day be crowned with liberty; and they are naturally beginning to wonder when that day will arrive. We have no doubt that the amendment, however unsuccessfully proposed, represents a wide-spread and deeply-rooted feeling amongst the intelligent and thinking portions of French society; and one that is likely to find more ample expression in the next Chamber. Before the time comes it would be well for the Emperor to consider the danger of keeping a high-spirited and active-minded nation under perpetual restraint of the most galling kind. Material prosperity and sensual pleasures may satisfy for a time. But satiety comes at last; and with it may come a reaction sufficiently powerful to shake even a throne founded on universal suffrage—and half a million of bayonets.

The relations between Austria and Prussia are becoming more and more critical, and are inspiring increased alarm both in political and monetary circles. It was asserted a few days since that reassuring explanations had been exchanged between the Courts, but the statement has since

been authoritatively denied by a contemporary usually well-informed on foreign affairs. Hopes are, indeed, still vaguely expressed that peace may be preserved. But it must be confessed that facts point in a different direction. It is beyond all question that both States are actively preparing for war, and that each is doing its best to enlist allies in the struggle which seems impending. Nor do we see how that struggle is to be averted, unless Prussia withdraws from her claim to the complete and exclusive possession of the Duchies, or Austria consents once for all to accept the supremacy of her rival. It is not likely that the first of these events will happen, if we may judge from the insolent proclamation lately issued by General Manteuffel, the Prussian Governor of Slesvig, and countersigned by the King himself. The proclamation, the operation of which is assumed to extend to Holstein as well as to Slesvig, is little short of a direct defiance to Austria; and its promulgation appears to show that von Bismarck is once more supreme in the Royal councils. Now we take it to be as nearly certain as anything of the kind can be, that he will take the fullest advantage of the present embarrassments of Austria, both financial and political, in order to bring on a decisive crisis. On the other hand, notwithstanding those embarrassments which make peace almost essential to her, Austria can hardly submit, without a blow, to lose her place and position in Germany. There is reason to believe that she will not do so without, at any rate, trying her fortune in the field; and taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case (which we have, however, discussed more fully in another article), we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the tranquillity of the Continent is in the most serious peril—a peril the extent of which no one can venture to limit. It is extremely improbable that a war commenced between Austria and Prussia will long be confined to those two Powers.

There is nothing very new in American politics. The President is awaiting further action on the part of Congress; and Congress has evidently been rendered cautious by the veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and by the manifestation of public feeling which that bold and statesmanlike step evoked. It is, indeed, perfectly clear that the nation is on the side of the President, and that he may safely rely on its supporting any measures which he may deem necessary or expedient, in the interests of peace, of conciliation, and of the Union. The Radicals and Abolitionists are more than ever at a "discount"—if we may use a colloquial phrase which is appropriate enough in discussing American politics. The state of feeling towards the South is correspondingly improved; and although some time will probably elapse before the President is enabled to carry out his own wise and generous policy, the people of the late Confederate States have obtained a reasonable degree of assurance that their worst danger is over, and that they now run no risk of being handed over to military tribunals charged to rule them in the interest of the blacks. To Englishmen, the proceedings of the American Fenians are fully as interesting as the internal politics of the United States. We are willing to believe that there is no truth in the statement that one of their leaders, a certain Captain M'Cafferty, has had a long interview with the President. But apart from that, there is quite sufficient in the news received by the last mail to throw doubt on the friendly disposition of the Washington Cabinet towards this country. The *New York Times* assures us, that when the necessity arises the Government will loyally assert the supremacy of the municipal laws. But if it be true that recruiting for a naval brigade is going on openly at Chicago, it is clear that these laws have already been broken in the most direct and obvious manner, and that an ample opportunity has been afforded to the Government of manifesting their hostility to the designs of these reckless filibusters. Open-air mass meetings are being constantly held in several of the Northern cities, and the impending invasion of Canada is discussed with a total absence of reserve. Under these circumstances, no one can be surprised to learn that the greatest alarm prevails in our North American provinces, and that the Habeas Corpus Act is likely to be suspended. We do not know whether Mr. Gladstone still retains the opinion that we have no ground for remonstrating against the strange toleration which the United States Government extends to this mischievous agitation, but, for our part, we can scarcely conceive a case in which friendly but firm representations could be more imperatively called for.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

THE war-cloud is again brooding over Europe, and angry despatches, like the flashes of lightning and mutterings of thunder that precede the outbreak of the storm, pass daily between Court and Court. This time it is not, however, the contest of the strong with the weak, the quarrel of the spoiler with his prey, that impends; it is the conflict of two mighty nations, the murderous dispute of the robbers over their spoil. They have slain and also taken possession, but the hour of retribution has already come. The booty is too rich, its possession involves too great an accession of territory and power, for either to surrender his share, or for one at least not to seek to engross the whole. So there is between the two a gradually tightening "tension," as it is euphoniously described,—a gradually, but rapidly growing sentiment of envy and hatred and contempt, which daily imports more of passion into the question of self-interest, and by so much makes all accommodation daily more difficult, while the uneasy sense which it inspires marks itself in the steady downward turn of the funds of the two hostile nations, already reaching to an extent which represents a loss of many a million to each ere yet a shot has been fired.

But while we can have no opinion on the quarrel, save that it is the natural and just issue of the gross and foul injustice and treachery to which both were but two years ago parties, we are bound to discriminate in the blame which we apportion to each. Austria has sinned through weakness, Prussia through covetousness. Austria was compelled, as she thought, to follow Germany, and hoped, by allying herself with Prussia, to moderate Germany. Her whole conduct was in accordance with this more generous, if more feeble, sentiment. Though she bore the first brunt of the fighting, her forces did not deal with Holstein, which they professedly came to deliver from oppression, as with a conquered territory. Even in Slesvig, where Danish feeling predominated, the Austrians bore themselves with courtesy and respect to the inhabitants, and in Holstein, which, by the Gastein Convention, is now under their rule, they have observed the like conduct. They have never assumed any rights of sovereignty in virtue of the cession made to them, jointly with Prussia, by Denmark, but have still insisted that the conquest was made for Germany, and that the legal right of succession lies in the Augustenburg family. But wholly different was the part which Prussia took. She urged on the German exasperation till it boiled over, and then set herself to profit by its excesses. She took the management out of the hands of the Diet for her own purposes, though concealing these for the time under the pretext of being only the leader of Germany. But she laid a heavy hand on the Holsteiners whom she came to liberate, and when her troops entered Slesvig they oppressed it with all the barbarity which belongs to the old system under which war supports itself. During the London negotiations, on our part, on which we now look back with so much shame and confusion, it was Prussia who defied our mediation, who refused assent to our proposals, who, even in appearing to accept any of our suggestions, still, with rude treachery, inserted some condition which would have enabled her to set at nought whatever decision might go against her. When at last the poor triumph of ten over one was achieved, she insisted on the cession being made not to Germany nor to the Augustenburg claimant, but to herself and Austria, the unwilling sharer in her policy. And no sooner was the cession final than, with a flagitious contempt for decency which is unexampled in modern Europe, she procured from her law officers the opinion that the Augustenburgs, whose rights furnished the pretence of invasion, had no rights at all, that the absolute and unimpeachable sovereignty lay before the war in the Royal House of Denmark, and by its cession had been conveyed to the Royal House of Prussia. When the Diet remonstrated, she replied last autumn with furious and insolent threats of obliterating German independence along with that of the Duchies. When Austria strove to mediate, she took advantage of Austria's pecuniary embarrassments to force on the Gastein Convention, in virtue of which her King purchased Lauenburg for a sum of money, and her Government obtained temporary but sole control over the port of Kiel and the province of Slesvig, the most valuable and most hostile part of the ceded territory. Since that date she has dealt with the possessions thus acquired in trust as if they were her absolute property. She has demanded great sums from her Chambers for the conversion of Kiel into a war-port, she has imposed her own laws and taxes upon Slesvig, she has sought by every means to persuade or bully the inhabitants into a prayer for annexation, and finally, within the last few days she has issued a ukase decreeing not only in Slesvig, over which alone her provisional power extends, but

also in Holstein, which is under the protection of Austria, the punishment of five years' imprisonment with hard labour for a variety of political offences, including the "publicly declaring by speech or writing, or in any other way, any other person to be the legitimate sovereign ruler of the Duchies, or either of them, to the detriment of the power invested jointly in ourself and in his Majesty the Emperor of Austria;" thus making it criminal in any one to assert those rights of the Augustenburgs which, two years ago, formed the pretext on which Prussia declared war against Denmark!

Not, however, for any of these breaches of honour or attempted frauds of alliance is it that Prussia and Austria are at this moment eyeing each other with angry suspicion, while each commences to arm, and each seeks to throw the blame of the first opening of hostilities upon the other. But the present root of bitterness lies in a demand more decisive and more formal than is implied even in decrees of a military government against its temporary subjects. Prussia has called upon Austria to surrender her share in the Duchies, and for a further sum of money to acquiesce in their annexation by force. Austria has refused, and insists that the Diet, for which she holds them in trust, shall be the arbiter of their destiny. We are not yet in possession of the text of the despatches that have passed between the rival Powers, and do not know either the precise terms of the demand, or the exact nature of the offered compensations. But we do know that the demand has been made, and the threat of taking by force has at least been implied. And we know that Austria, though perplexed with the embarrassments of Hungary, Venetia, Bohemia, and all the rest of her ill-cemented nationalities, has flatly declined to give way. In this attitude she has the support of all the German States, save those of Hanover, Mecklenburg, and Hesse, the despotic instincts of whose rulers blind them to the fact that they, too, are humble neighbours of the Power with which they are siding to establish a precedent of absorption.

Will there, then, be war, as the consequence of this quarrel? That is a question no one can answer, for it depends not on the policy of any responsible Government, nor on the decision of any who are accessible to the influence of ordinary principles or motives. It rests in the bosom of the feeble and arrogant sovereign of Prussia. We know that Herr von Bismarck is earnest in pushing on a policy which if insisted on must result in war. He probably calculated on the financial and constitutional difficulties of Austria making her an easy victim to his violence. He has been disappointed, but he is not the man to recoil before unexpected opposition. Moreover, he has at his back, ready for all extremities, the aristocratic party, who would welcome war as a means of establishing their undisputed pre-eminence in the State. And he has the silent approval even of his constitutional and democratic opponents, whom lust of territorial aggrandisement reconciles to a war which will annihilate their influence for a generation. All this force he brings to bear on the weak mind of the King. But the monarch still trembles at a decisive step, and till he is gained there will be no war. Yet how slight and precarious is such a guarantee, resting only on the apprehensions or the domestic influences which affect the mind of a single weak-minded old man! Unhappy and unstable indeed is the condition of Europe when a question so momentous, involving the life or death of millions, the fate of generations yet unborn, rests on a determination so fickle and so untrustworthy.

For if war does break out, what a fearful conflagration it will light up. All Germany will be at once in the vortex of flame, and with Germany all neighbouring States will be drawn in. Italy cannot remain quiescent in such a case; Poland will see a new opportunity; Russia will become involved on the one side, France on the other; while the minor States will be swallowed up or become the battle-fields of contending hosts. But the war in its issue may prove to be not solely between States. All who know Germany are aware how profoundly the republican feeling has penetrated all classes of society below the nobility. It is silent, but it is not the less confirmed. What will be the working of such a sentiment when war breaks up the chains of habitual respect for authority? How will it fare with France if the Emperor plunges into a European war?—with France, where, even within the last week, have been seen the ominous coincidences of an opposition in the Legislature raised from forty-five to sixty votes, and of the Emperor hooted at a popular theatre. Such as these are the terrible questions which the madness of Prussia throws down for Europe to solve. For Europe—and not less for us, for we are now finding out that the fancy which pleased us two years ago that by proclaiming our own non-intervention we could secure ourselves from participation

in the fate of nations, was a foolish and wicked dream. And even while we shrink from contemplation of so terrible a future, it may be well for us to remember that a single firm word spoken by us in time to prevent Germany from pledging its honour to cross the Eider for the attack on our ally would have prevented all that disastrous series of consequences of which we now see the march, but not yet the end.

JAMAICA.

IN all probability the inquiry into the Jamaica outbreak is now completed, and the Royal Commissioners are on their way back to England. We have yet to receive an account of the evidence taken in their later sittings; but it is not very likely that it will materially alter the conclusions that are irresistibly suggested by that which is in our possession. It is possible that some cases of alleged cruelty will be explained away, or that their harsher features may be toned down. But no witnesses who were to be called when the last mail left the island can disprove the fact that the most horrible and revolting cruelty was practised upon the unfortunate negroes during the month of November last; that men and women were flogged and hung without trial, and on the very slightest pretences; and that there was a shameful recklessness and a shocking levity in the maltreatment of any one who happened to possess a black skin, or to have earned the reputation of sympathizing with the black race. Before directing attention to the evidence on this point, we must however notice the entire absence of any further testimony bearing on the vital question of rebellion or no rebellion. No single fact has come to light which can lead to the conclusion that there was any tendency to revolt beyond the district of St. Thomas-in-the-East; or that the population of other parishes sympathized with the designs—whatever they may have been—of Paul Bogle and his associates. Admitting to the fullest extent the sanguinary intentions of these misguided men, we do not see why they could not have been defeated without the proclamation of martial law over a large portion of the colony. When this step was taken it was no doubt supposed that there was a general insurrectionary plot in existence, with Gordon for its head. But no proof of this has been given, and the latest attempts to fix Gordon with any complicity in the Morant Bay outbreak have totally broken down. A Mr. James Ford has indeed been found to give a gossiping account of a conversation, in which Gordon expressed some very foolish opinions as to the power of England to suppress a negro revolt; but although this gentleman was, no doubt, disposed to make the most of anything that fell from one whom he regarded as a desperate rebel, he did not venture to assert that the deceased man uttered a single expression implying sympathy with the supposed designs of the negroes; or that he ventured on more than a very absurd prediction that they would succeed in converting Jamaica into another Hayti in case they should make the attempt. It is not unfair to assume that when this sort of tittle-tattle has been raked up, we know the worst that can be said against Gordon; and we are entitled, therefore, to say with entire confidence that there was no ground whatever for his arrest, and still less for his sudden execution after a proceeding which it is a perfect mockery to call a trial. We have not the slightest doubt that he was a violent, intemperate, and foolish politician; he may even have been, as his enemies assert, a worthless man; but that he was a traitor either in act or intention has not been made out to the satisfaction of any one who knows how to distinguish between evidence and prejudice.

With regard to the outrages perpetrated by the soldiers and the Maroons during the three weeks' reign of terror which prevailed in the island, we have the evidence of white as well as of negro witnesses. Indeed, some of those who were most active in suppressing the "rebellion" have been good enough to tell us what they did, with astounding unconsciousness that there was anything wrong or brutal in their proceedings. We learn from Mr. Kirkland, a magistrate, that he flogged women, and that he did not allow those who were charged with plundering to call witnesses in their defence, because, as he said, "we should never get through the cases if every person was allowed to call witnesses"! Mr. William George Astwood, captain of the Kingston Volunteer Cavalry, admitted that he ordered several men to be flogged on the mere statement of others that they had been found in possession of stolen goods; and that he had seen prisoners compelled to "run the gauntlet" after being catted, without "thinking much of it." Mr. Ford (better known as Captain Ford) told the Commissioners that, under the orders of Lieutenant Adcock, he directed the execution of a man who was shot merely because he was found eight

miles from home and could give no sufficient reason for being there. During the continuance of his command at Leith, he flogged from fifteen to twenty men and about three women daily; but he thought so little of the matter that he kept no account of the punishments inflicted. Mr. Sawyers, a proprietor at Manchester, described the execution of eleven men by order of Colonel Hobbs, without any trial—without even a separate examination of the prisoners—but simply on the bare statement of the constables that they had seen each of the batch in what they chose to call "open rebellion." Of the proceedings of Provost Marshal Ramsay at Morant Bay we have a full account from Mr. Lake, who, in October last, was a reporter to one of the Jamaica newspapers. From him we learn that men were flogged, literally by the score, without any trial, and simply because they violated an order as to retiring to their houses at a certain hour in the evening—an order which, as far as we can see, Ramsay had no power or right to make. "It was a common practice when the constables or Maroons brought men in and said that they had been guilty of murder, for the Provost Marshal to order them to be catted and then sent down to the tents for trial." Incredible as it may seem, it was also a common practice to flog men first and hang them afterwards! The same witness fully confirmed the statement that the negro Marshall was hanged simply because he ground his teeth while he was being flogged; and he gave a graphic account of the brutal treatment to which prisoners were subjected in "running the gauntlet" after they were flogged. It is, indeed, scarcely likely that the negroes should have fared otherwise than ill at the hands of Ramsay and men like him, when a white like Dr. Bruce, lately coroner of Vere, and an old gentleman of between sixty and seventy years of age, was arrested on suspicion, taken handcuffed in a cart to Kingston, and confined for sixty days without any charge being made against him.

The facts to which we have thus far referred rest upon the testimony of Englishmen—and in most cases that of men actively concerned in these lamentable transactions. But we are not prepared to discard the evidence of the negroes—carefully sifted as it comes to us in the able correspondence of our daily contemporaries—with reference to the outrages to which they were subjected. According to the statements of the poor people, nine men were shot at a place called Fruthall, and were afterwards hanged to a cross-beam in a Baptist chapel; the house of a woman named Davis, whose husband had escaped to the bush, was burnt, and her clothes and even her marriage-ring were taken away by the soldiers; at Coley, ten men were ordered to be shot, but one was spared, because the bullet cut the rope which bound him to his brother, and Colonel Hobbs's fancy was tickled by this singular circumstance. At Long Bay, a woman, named Collins, and her daughter were flogged, because another woman was induced, by the threat of similar punishment, to give evidence that Collins had said she wanted to take a cow belonging to a Mr. Codrington in place of one which she alleged he had poisoned; at Portland, a man was shot and a number of others were flogged; but what makes this case remarkable is, that "when they cried out, the officer directing the punishment ordered that they should be gagged, and this was accomplished by forcing stones into their mouths." In one instance, a man had thirty-five lashes because he did not make a bow to the satisfaction of a Mr. Orgill; in another case, there is every reason to believe that the overseer of an estate settled accounts with his workpeople by having them flogged all round. In more instances than we can stay to enumerate, it is plain that the soldiers and the Maroons burnt houses and plundered their inmates just as they pleased, without the slightest control from their officers, and without thinking it necessary to bring anything worth calling a charge against the wretched victims of their wanton brutality. One of the most curious episodes of these memorable three weeks, and one which shows, in the most striking manner, how completely the Governor and even the superior military officers had abnegated the functions of command and direction, was the absolute rule of a black drummer, named Philipps, at Leith-hall for several days. This worthy was at once accuser, judge, and executioner. He not only hanged and flogged at pleasure, but he even took upon himself to hang one man at least whom Lieutenant Adcock had ordered him to spare. Under his sway the Maroons also held tribunals on their own account, and executed three or four men on the charge, not of complicity in the rebellion, but of being black men. Is it possible to conceive anything more grotesque, but, at the same time, more horrible, than such proceedings? Is it possible to conceive anything which more loudly accuses the weakness and incapacity (to say nothing worse) of a Governor under whose rule such things could take place unchecked and unpunished?

We would willingly stop here, but a sense of duty compels us to notice—and we do it with great pain—another branch of the evidence. We have already referred to the statement, that in numerous instances prisoners were compelled, after being flogged, to run the gauntlet between two rows of sailors, who pelted them with stones and struck them with sticks. That is bad enough, especially as their officers seem to have looked on without interfering. But we fear that these officers not only countenanced, but actually participated in the brutal treatment of the prisoners. The evidence of the Rev. Edwin Palmer, a native Baptist minister, who was taken as a prisoner on board her Majesty's ship *Aboukir*, reflects very seriously on the captain of that vessel, and upon his subordinates. If his story is to be believed, he and others were placed in irons by order of the captain himself, who, moreover, said to the men on guard, "If any of the prisoners attempt to escape, blow out their brains. Don't care about their lives any more than about cats' lives." For twelve days the prisoners were obliged to sleep on the bare deck of the *Aboukir*, exposed to the rain; when they took exercise they had ropes tied round their necks; and when they had to fulfil any call of nature they were attended by a guard with a loaded gun. It is needless to observe that measures of this kind could not have been dictated by any regard to the safe custody of prisoners who had no means or opportunity to escape. They could only spring from that wretched inhumanity—that wanton love of torture—which difference of race or of colour naturally inspires in coarse and uncultivated minds, but from which we had fondly believed that the "officers and gentlemen" of our navy were exempt. The conduct of the officers of the *Aboukir* and also of those of the *Cordelia*—who are said to have taunted the prisoners by saying to them, "You will be hung, you rascals!"—ought to receive the immediate attention of the Admiralty, who will no doubt feel, as we do, that the honour of the service is deeply involved in their complete exoneration or condign punishment.

The Commissioners had not, up to the departure of the last mail, taken much evidence on the causes of the late outbreak; but upon one point they had received the clear and unhesitating testimony of two most competent witnesses. Both the Attorney-General and Mr. Justice Kerr must be well acquainted with the facts, and neither of them have any motive to overstate the case against the unpaid magistracy of the island. They concur, however, in attributing the discontent which has undoubtedly prevailed amongst the negroes for some time, to the dilatory, inefficient, expensive, and partial administration of justice in the small debts' courts and the courts of petty sessions. There is no class in Jamaica from whom magistrates, corresponding in character, independence, and position to the unpaid justices of England, can be selected. Those who are appointed have neither the time nor the knowledge to perform their duties satisfactorily, while they have in nearly every case a direct interest in deciding against a black man and in favour of a white man. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the negroes should despair of justice, and should harbour deep-seated resentment on account of the wrong which is too frequently done them. It appears to us that Mr. Cardwell cannot too soon set about removing this cause of complaint, in the only effectual way—by the appointment of stipendiary magistrates. Other measures may wait, but this is urgent. There can be no real tranquillity or contentment in any community where the great bulk of the people is firmly convinced that the laws are mere instruments of oppression in the hands of an exclusive and hostile caste.

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.

THERE is no greater difficulty in the way of a Government than in dealing with a question which involves ethics, polemics, politics, and fanatics; and, certainly, the difficulty is not lessened when it has to be met on Irish soil. It is impossible not to sympathize in some manner with the Executive in their efforts to establish the mixed system. We have no doubt they propounded it with the best intention. They spared on it neither money, patronage, nor advice; but now they are being driven ingloriously from the situation. If the principle was sound, they had no right to abandon it; but, unfortunately, principles in Ireland are not worth much, surrounded as they are by a host of mischievous undergrowths which flourish in the teeth of logic and economy, and which insist on a prescriptive right to encumber the ground. When the Government announced the mixed system they naturally expected the undivided support of the Protestants; but the clergy of that persuasion make an untimely claim to denominational grants, and their claim, of course, is considered a sort of argument for

the other side. The unyielding opposition of the Catholic party under Dr. Cullen is easily accounted for. We regard education as a method for making good citizens. Dr. Cullen looks at it as a machine for turning out complete Catholics. We are satisfied to have our children taught lessons of wisdom, sobriety, morals, and faith, incidentally through a course of school books. Dr. Cullen conceives that the intellectual food for young stomachs requires a clerical analysis; heresy may lurk in *hic, hæc, hoc*, and atheism be hid in the use of the globes. He brings up the French revolution as indicative of the direction to which a godless intellectuality tends. He refuses to reason the subject with us; the Church—his Church—is reason itself, and if you do not accept her teaching he cannot argue with you; he must have his own flock in his own hands, not only while they are lambs, but up to the period when they become full-grown sheep. The Catholic bishops (with a few exceptions which we shall have occasion to mention) refused to accept what they termed State education, or to allow their congregations to use it. They laid down a doctrine very repugnant to English liberalism. The Government determined to give their own plan a trial, hoping it would help to fuse contending factions; and that result was often prophesied from it. How far the prediction was verified we have no exact means of ascertaining; but it is positive that the Catholic hierarchy did not regard such an intercourse as advantageous; but, on the contrary, maintained that an early communion between the sects would imperil the faith of their charges, and before that danger they refused to recognise any social or sentimental relations whatever. They have now mapped out a charter in which Catholic bishops are governors, Catholic archbishops perpetual visitors, and Catholic powers for affiliation conferred, by which schools could be brought under the wings of a truly Catholic maternity. No wonder the Government shrinks from this charter, which reads like a Pope's Bull. It strikes straight home at the Queen's Colleges, and is aimed to crush the mixed system utterly. It is based upon one fact—at least, that fact is put first—which is made an argument of after the fashion to which we have previously alluded. Trinity College, they tell us, derives its proportionately vast revenues from the country generally, and is virtually a denominational university, having its professors and council exclusively Protestant. As reasons go in Ireland, this is not a bad reason,—that is, it is no reason at all; it may be an abuse to have Trinity College so constituted; it would be no less an abuse to set up a house in Stephen's-green on a similar foundation. The Government, in endeavouring to do the fairest thing they could, built the Queen's Colleges, whereupon the bishops expressly imported an opprobrious name from Rome, almost fatal to the fortunes of those well-meant institutions. The bishops have recently made an onslaught upon Sir George Grey, and have apparently taken a fall, as it were, out of the Government. The latter denies the failure of the Queen's Colleges, but we believe, nevertheless, it would be impossible to speak of them as a success. Sir George Grey shows the white feather in the euphemistic phrase, "a large number of persons in Ireland conscientiously objected to the principle" (of the Queen's Colleges). He proposes an assimilation of the Queen's Colleges in academical structure to that of the London University, and then a connection between the Catholic University and the Queen's Colleges, and in this way Catholics graduating under the denominational plan could obtain degrees in the end. There seems something clumsy about this scheme. It concedes with an ill grace, and bestows with a sour favour. Why should not the Government either stand by their colours, or surrender with dignity, instead of shirking behind a poor expedient, and dodging a foe they will have to meet sooner or later? For our parts, we can conceive that the Government would find powerful supporters in Ireland. One of the bishops, whose name is appended to the recent manifesto, was an early and an earnest advocate for the Queen's College in Cork, whose president was a Roman Catholic. There are also Catholics who silently dread a further influence of the clergy, and who would just as soon permit their children to be cultured under a free and mixed system, as under a system which, to say the best for it, looks narrow. We do not think for a moment that any political danger would result from clerical teaching. The attitude of the Roman Catholic episcopacy towards the Fenians should satisfy us on that score; but the tone of Dr. Cullen is so persistent, authoritative, and uncompromising, that it rouses an opposition even before one has found a reason for it. Divine right in education is a moot point, and we must confront and question the logic which takes it for granted. The notion, too, that our literature is a vast conspiracy against the Pope,

may be carried beyond due bounds, and is not unlikely to be where a technical establishment for combining religion and everything is erected. It is not surprising that the Government should yield to the pressure of a twenty-nine-bishop power of protest. It is a curious and almost ludicrous illustration of the work they have had to do, that in trying to conciliate both parties they once selected a professor of no particular persuasion; and this gentleman, who in his lectures gave Peter and Paul an impartial go-by, was pitched into vigorously by Protestant and Catholic, and only preserved his chair by an exceptional courage and competence. Dr. Murray, the late Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was known to be in favour of State education, and on the introduction of the national schools openly professed himself on the side of the Government. By what new light does Dr. Cullen read? The sum of the whole is that ultimately Dr. Cullen will get what he wants. We do not think that the case of those who sympathize with the mixed system has been bettered by the action of the Presbyterian body; there is a tinge of the "black North," as the Belfast county is called across Channel, in their representations. Then, again, the Queen's Colleges, in a similar connection, went in for special pleading, and proved a great deal too much. There is no use in conjuring with figures and facts, which, when laid on the table out of the manipulator's reach, will speak for themselves. Sir Robert Kane superintends the statistics of the Queen's Colleges, but Sir Robert once proved (in a pamphlet) that Ireland could support a population of forty-eight millions. The Queen's Colleges have neither taken root nor hold. They have fallen to the level of day schools, whose premiums are absurdly disproportioned to the number of scholars. The professorial staff is ominously in excess of the requirements. In Galway, it was said, a few years ago, that the lecturer on political economy had but a single pupil, and that, one morning, seeing his theatre quite empty, he inquired and found that his "class" was having a tooth drawn, and was unable to attend. Now, putting a university in Galway was not exactly bringing intellectual coals to a learned Newcastle, but something very different, though equally useless. The resident gentry of that region, when rich enough, send their children either to Dublin or England, and those who cannot do this, possess a native horror of literature and of the arts which it will require time and ridicule to cure. The Cork and Belfast colleges have partially advanced, but have not at all realized the hopes with which they were founded. The principle of mixed education, however, is not dependent on the success or failure of these exponents, and we would require yet stronger proofs than empty class-rooms to convince us that Dr. Cullen has a right and a monopoly for the manufacture of opinion in Ireland. We have our forebodings concerning the concursus of a violently ecclesiastical system; however, the experiment will shortly in part be made, and we suppose the argument must wait the issue of it.

JAPAN.

THE Japanese question has grown rather tiresome, and the beginning of a busy session in Parliament is not the best time for its receiving attention. But the official correspondence lately published should not pass without remark. The news it contains, at an earlier stage of the business, would have been most eagerly welcomed, and its importance magnified. The great fact, of which we have been aware for some weeks, the ratification of the treaties by the Mikado, appears to indicate, as explained in these papers, a total revolution in Japanese policy. For a policy of evasion in regard to their treaty obligations is now substituted one of cordial acceptance; and the policy is accepted by all parties—in the Government, and by all classes of the people.

How much the change means is apparent when we remember our prospects no longer than a twelvemonth ago. It must be confessed that until then the experiment of opening Japan was not working well. It was doubtful even whether the opening up would be final, unless succeeded by a foreign occupation. It was still more doubtful whether the foreign element was not dissolving the social and political fabric of the country, inflicting great loss and suffering on the people, whatever might be the ultimate benefit. The former of these doubts, at least, is settled satisfactorily. Hitherto the great difficulty was that the Japanese themselves disputed the legality of the treaties. It was all very well for us to make an agreement with the ostensible executive Government; but it was really hard for the Japanese to endorse what was beyond that Government's competency. This was certainly the view of the Daimios—those feudal princes who rule over

most of the country, each an absolute sovereign in his own domain; and hence the attacks upon our ambassadors, the reluctance to open the ports according to treaties, the hindrances to trade when the ports were opened. The Daimios, by means of their retainers, could make the intercourse anything but pleasant. It was a more serious difficulty when discontented princes maltreated and fired upon our ships within their jurisdiction, and, as at Simonosaki, attempted to forbid our entrance to the great inland sea of Japan, on whose shores are the richest lands and the busiest ports. Our engagements we found were with those who had not power to fulfil their part; and we were forced into the dilemma of making war with a Government willing but not able to do its duty, as compelling individual rulers to fulfil an agreement they had never made. The latter course we preferred at Kagosima, while at Simonosaki we had the concurrence of the Tycoon in a similar step—assisting him, in fact, to enforce his own authority. But the proceedings were unsatisfactory, and could not have been continued. So grave was the situation, that Sir Rutherford Alcock was ordered home to confer with our Government as to the future policy. The result of that conference has not been made public; but any decision has been superseded by the events of last autumn among the Japanese themselves. Mikado, Daimios, and all have come to the conclusion that the foreigners cannot be shaken off, and that it is too late to insist on the irregularities in making the treaty.

The irregularities lay in the fact that the Tycoon, having had in his cognizance, since the expulsion of foreigners two centuries ago, all matters pertaining to the limited intercourse with them then contemplated, executed a treaty which upset the old policy altogether. Such a total change, it was argued, could only have been effected by the supreme authority of the Mikado. In another way, the admission of foreigners by these treaties proved distasteful to the local Governments. The Tycoon had monopolized the intercourse for the territory under his own immediate jurisdiction; and thus, when a few ports were opened, the Daimios were obliged to see the Tycoon the sole gainer. Their opposition was therefore as much the result of jealousy as of prejudice against a policy adopted over their heads. They have now, however, almost all ceased to oppose—taught probably at Kagosima and Simonosaki the folly of resistance, and beginning to appreciate their true interest in a wider and freer intercourse. The ratification of the treaties by the Mikado clinches the change. All parties have been reconciled to the inevitable, and swallowed the disagreeable element in the way of introducing the change to which the highest sanction of the empire has therefore been given. The fact is all the more important when we observe that there are no corresponding concessions on our side. The allied diplomatists, led on by our own representative, at first proposed a concession, to give up the indemnity stipulated at Simonosaki on three conditions, two only of which were complied with, so that the indemnity was not given up. The Japanese agreed voluntarily to two of them—the revision of the tariff on the basis of a 5 per cent. duty and the ratification of the treaties, but would not immediately open the ports of Hiogo and Osaka, for it was not convenient to do so on account of a local rebellion in the neighbourhood, which might obtain supplies were the ports free. The ratification of the treaties is therefore a measure of internal policy much more than an act of compliance with the wish of foreign diplomatists, though brought about at their instigation.

This narrative clears up a good deal that was unintelligible in the past hostility of Japanese officials, the complexity of whose Government is scarcely yet fully understood. The acts of kindness recorded to shipwrecked crews, the persevering exertions to capture the murderers of Captain Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, the friendly feelings displayed to our fleets at Hiogo and Osaka, and indeed by the people at all places where the Government did not interfere, are all additional symptoms that the revolution is complete. Fully and freely the Japanese Government and people have now abandoned the antique policy of exclusion. In justice to them we should admit that their past policy was by no means one of foolish prejudice, but according to their lights a very just and sound one. The acts of expulsion two centuries ago were excusable enough, looking at the political leanings of the missionaries and the general misuse of their influence. Nor do we see any reason for disbelieving the memorandum of the Japanese ministers now published, in which, at Sir R. Alcock's request, they explained the severe laws against foreigners passed during the present century. The contempt of European, especially of English, sailors for coloured races, makes it but too likely that the crews of stray ships on the Japanese coast were guilty of the barbarities alleged—landing without permission, terrifying the

people, plundering transport junks of provisions, carrying off cattle, and so depriving the people of the means of peaceable existence. Hence, in 1825, a decree was made ordering all foreign ships anchoring in their waters to be fired upon; but this harsh decree was relaxed when it was found in 1843 that "civilization had progressed" among these foreign barbarians, or that a superior class of men were coming there. Thenceforth ships were only to be fired upon when the crews had behaved badly. Such being the past sentiments of the Japanese, they are quite consistent in now desiring the improvement of the intercourse which has sprung up in consequence of the treaties.

It is very satisfactory to think that this home change in Japan releases us from the disagreeable task of bombarding Japanese towns to force on the country our trade and intercourse—a course of policy which might have produced the equally unwelcome necessity of occupying the country. The task was so hateful that strong protests were being made on all sides among us against it. Better, it was said, consent to be excluded, than obtain at such a cost a new field of profit for our merchants. But our merchants have got the field without that cost, and our gratification is so far unmixed. It remains to be seen whether Japan has yet escaped the danger of convulsions and civil war, consequent on the introduction of the foreign element. At the latest date, undoubtedly, a rebellion of unknown strength was raging, taxing to the utmost the resources of the Government we have dealt with. It seems probable, however, that this rebellion is the fruit of discontent about the treaties and is likely to cease with the universal prevalence of the new policy. It is at the most only a political contest, the struggle of parties for supremacy, in the mean time disturbing trade, but not likely in the long run to prove of much consequence. But will there be a social revolution? This is the question we must watch in future, and its solution is the more worth study as the Japanese beyond all dispute are intelligent, progressive, active, and receptive of new ideas—quite a contrast to their immobile neighbours, with civilizations unchanged for centuries. It is not unlikely that European ideas and customs will rush in like a flood on these Greeks of the Oriental world; and it will be interesting to watch how they spread and become modified among a race civilized already to such a remarkable degree. We appear destined to have the chief share in their education. Our merchants and ships of war are by far the most numerous, our diplomatists take the lead in negotiating, we are naturally the most looked up to. The Japanese view of us must be more and more favourable when they see we can afford to be generous. While the other Powers stood out for the strict payment of the Simonosaki indemnity, we were anxious to forgive it for the improvement and strengthening of our intercourse. Now that a portion of it has been paid, we have shown a generosity which the Japanese will appreciate in the division of the money. The bulk of it was understood by them to be for the expenses of the expedition; but, while America especially, which contributed almost no material aid, claimed an equal share, we gave up our right to a proportionate division to mark our sense of the value of the Japanese concessions. It was their intercourse we valued, and not the money. It is to be wished, however, as Europeans in Japanese eyes must, to some extent, stand or fall together, that our allies had shown a little more magnanimity, for the benefit of a race we presume to educate.

The only ground of demanding indemnities must be the payment of losses and expenses incurred; to demand them on any other, as the Americans, who incurred no expense have done—on the ground of equal contribution to the common result by sharing in the joint action of the Powers—is to convert indemnities into plunder, and make us partners in a policy of robbing Japan. We will, however, be no losers if incidents like these induce the Japanese to recognise in us the most noble among the new peoples visiting their shores.

AN ANTI-HUMILIATION SERMON.

THE traveller by that line of railway which, from its initials, if not from any other cause, used to be distinguished by the *sobriquet* of the "Old Worse and Worse," when he has passed Kidderminster and Hagley and has plunged through a winding cutting in the red-rock sandstone, finds himself in sight of the Stourbridge Station, and of that busy town which is but an offshoot of the ancient parish of Oldswinford. To his left, rising over a distant avenue of elms, the traveller may catch a glimpse of the cupola tower and massive red brick building, the "Hospital" of Oldswinford, that was founded 200 years ago,

for the education and apprenticeship of sixty poor boys, by that Thomas Foley, of Witley Court, who had been himself a poor boy, and who, disguised as a wandering fiddler, had found his way into the iron works of Sweden on two separate tours, and having there made himself thoroughly acquainted with the jealously-guarded secrets of the manufacture, returned to his own country, where, as was said by Richard Baxter, who preached his funeral sermon, "he raised himself from almost nothing to £5,000 a year or more by his iron works," and was made high sheriff of the county, and laid the solid foundation and honours of that family whose head is the present Lord Foley. Nearer to the line of railway the traveller will see the church of Oldswinford, with its fourteenth-century tower and spire, and its renovated fabric of modern Gothic, the whole, with its adjuncts of sloping fields, trees, houses, and ornamental gardens, making a picturesque scene for the landscape painter. The rector of the parish is the Rev. C. H. Craufurd, a man of family and substance, son of a distinguished general, able and talented, but not free from eccentricity. Perhaps a vein of eccentricity may be a portion of the living, for it is said of Mr. Craufurd's immediate predecessor that, although he discharged his duties as rector in the most exemplary manner, he was nevertheless a firm believer in the pretensions of Joanna Southcote, and that a horse was always kept ready saddled and bridled in the rectory stables, in order to convey his master at a moment's summons to the New Jerusalem. But be this as it may, the present rector of Oldswinford has been guilty of an act which it would be using a mild term to pronounce mere eccentricity, and which will give him a wider notoriety, if not fame, than his previous parochial reputation obtained.

Sir George Grey having, in his wisdom, declined to accede to the Archbishop of Canterbury's suggestion that the Government should appoint a day of national humiliation for the cattle plague, the Episcopal Bench were compelled to take the matter into their own hands, and to recommend that, in their various dioceses, a day should specially be set apart for prayer and humiliation. Although uniformity of opinion prevailed, yet, and as we think, unfortunately, no uniformity was secured for the day appointed, and thus the grand and solemn spectacle of a whole nation prostrate in prayer was lost. In the diocese of London, Tuesday last, the 20th, was the day fixed; the day for the city of Peterborough was yesterday, the 23rd; for the dioceses of York, Ely, and Exeter, March 7th; for that of Oxford March 9th; and for the other dioceses on various days during the past fortnight. The Bishop of Worcester's circular to his clergy, dated February 19th, did not fix any special day, but left its appointment to local convenience. One clergyman alone in the wide diocese of Worcester declared himself to be contumacious, and, in reply to his Bishop, declined to commit "the great irregularity of appointing a day of humiliation, even in compliance with Episcopal or Archiepiscopal suggestion." His Queen alone had the power to authorize such a day, and, as her authority had been invoked and refused, it would, if he complied with his Bishop's request, "only render the irregularity, not to say contumacy, the greater"; and, finally, his sentiments with regard to the cattle plague were in accordance with those held by Sir George Grey. The contumacious priest who thus defied his Bishop and read him a lesson, was no other than the rector of Oldswinford. Uriah Heep's strong point was his 'umility; the strong point of the Rev. C. H. Craufurd would appear to be his anti-'umility. Whether Sir George Grey will feel indebted to him for setting forth the ministerial opinions in their naked repulsiveness, may be a matter of reasonable doubt; but at a season when not only his clerical brethren, but Christian ministers of all denominations, were assembling their flocks in their respective places of worship, there to acknowledge with humiliation and prayer that the cattle plague is a scourge from the Most High, the rector of Oldswinford gathered his congregation together in order to tell them that he could not "consider the cattle disease a judgment, nor a fitting cause for the appointment of a day of humiliation."

The sermon in which he made this explanation was preached at Oldswinford Church, on Sunday, March 4th, and as it has since been published by its preacher, we are enabled to give an analysis of it, and to lay before our readers some of its choicest portions. The text was St. John vi. 27, and Mr. Craufurd commenced by reminding his congregation that it was "Sacrament Sunday"—referring, as it would seem to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and not that of Baptism—on which mornings he never troubled them with a long sermon, and, on the present occasion, he "need not long detain either those who are glad as soon as possible to escape the House of God, or those happier few who are longing to partake of the Holy Mysteries which are to be celebrated at the conclusion of

my discourse." With this preliminary sarcasm, he proceeded to present his hearers with those peculiar views of the cattle plague which he did not consider as an unseemly preliminary to the celebration of the Holy Communion. First of all he read the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter to Sir George Grey, and the latter's reply, warmly endorsing the sentiments of the Secretary of State. He then read the Bishop of Worcester's circular, and his own contumacious answer thereto; and then proceeded to plead his justification, "chiefly in consideration for the scruples of my weaker brethren, for I trust," added the rector, "there are many amongst you who have sense enough to anticipate and to perceive the conclusiveness of great part at least of what I am about to say." The Queen alone, he said, had authority to command him to observe a day of humiliation; and, "under any circumstances," he could not have "adopted the Bishop's suggestion of administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on a day of humiliation," because he held "that Sacrament to be a feast, and therefore suitable only for a Sunday or other festival." So far was he from acknowledging the cattle plague "to be a judgment" that he was "not well satisfied with the language of the prayer of which we are commanded every Sunday to make use." (We presume from this that there is no week-day service in Oldswinford Church.) On this point, the reverend egotist thought he could not "do better" than read them an extract from his printed sermon on Cholera; which he did, and in which he made out that such "judgments" were only intended for "a gross and semi-barbarous people like the Jews." But, any way, the preacher thought that Lent, of all seasons, was a most unseasonable time for a day of humiliation for the cattle plague. "Shall it be that at this season, of all others, a number of rubicund and full-fed Christians shall congregate in solemn assembly" for such a purpose, "to pray their heavenly Father that He will be graciously pleased to spare the lives of their fellow-creatures (for the same God made us both), not to relieve the sufferings of these poor beasts, for those sufferings the framers of our Prayer seem to regard as beneath their notice—but that God will be pleased to spare their lives, that upon their bodies our carnivorous appetite may be more fully gorged—that He will condescend more abundantly to supply the shambles, and suffer not the victims of the pole-axe to decrease!" "When the disease had run its destined course," then, he suggested, the people might possibly assemble to give thanks, "that, meat being once more abundant, they are not disappointed of their lust; and their psalm of thanksgiving, no doubt, will be to the tune of 'O, the Roast Beef of Old England!'" If it were not for the sanctity of the building in which these words were spoken, we should have expected the lecturer—we beg pardon, the reverend preacher—to say, in a parenthesis, after the manner of the late Mr. Artemus Ward, "this is sorter ironical!" Indeed, the irreverence of the quotation would not have been more out of place than the next paragraph of Mr. Craufurd's sermon, which was as follows:—"There is likely to be a scarcity of beef. And are we—we who pretend to be self-denying, holy, Christian men—are we such mere beef-eaters as to make this a subject of solemn prayer and humiliation before God? Why, really (the weaker brethren may think what I am about to say unseemly in this sacred place, but I deem nothing unseemly which best expresses the sentiments I feel it my duty to convey to you), really, all this humiliation about beef puts me in mind of a horrible case of destitution recorded in a well-known periodical, and illustrated by the figure of an alderman begging. On his portly person is displayed a placard inscribed with the touching tale of his distress, 'I have not tasted turtle these three days.' Now, for our own parts, we confess that we are among 'the weaker brethren,' and would consider *Punch* in the pulpit to be equally as unseemly an exhibition as Artemus Ward in the same place.

Then, said the preacher, "look at the poor. You need not take a very distant view—look at those poor old people in the churking pew;" we wonder whether they ducked their heads to avoid observation; how many pounds of beef and mutton did they get? "If you don't know, I do; they rarely get a mouthful. How, then, can these poor creatures say *Amen* to the prayer in which we tell the Almighty that He has given flocks and herds for our sustenance?" As Mr. Craufurd had just quoted *Punch*, we confess to feeling surprise that he should not have here interpolated a reading from *Macbeth*. "I could not say *Amen*, when they did say, *God bless us*." Many a poor man, he went on to say, though he never got it, "deserves, I am sure, a dinner of roast beef far better than his wealthy and high-fed neighbour,"—a sentiment which Mr. John Bright might have endorsed with a "hear, hear." In fact, we would suggest to Mr. Craufurd, that in his next printed sermon he

should thus intersperse it with these cries of "hear," or with "cries of oh!" "laughter," "much laughter," as we are accustomed to read in Mr. Whalley's speeches; for the discarded mantle of Mr. Spurgeon would appear to have fallen, in its tatters, on the reverend jester of Oldswinford, who thus concludes his sermon with protestations that he is not as other Uriah Heeps are, and that he will not humble himself, preferring on the whole, like a second Mawworm, to "be despised." "But I will not humble myself—I will not afflict my soul—I will not bow down my head, nor shall the expression of my countenance be sad, because the cows have got the rinderpest, and it seems likely that beefsteaks will be scarce. . . . Except in obedience to the lawful commands of my sovereign, I will not pray for beef." And, thereupon, the rector of Oldswinford dismissed his congregation, except those "happier few," whom he had already spoken of as "longing to partake of the Holy Mysteries," the celebration of which was immediately to succeed his spoken words. And, in order that these words should not be lost to the community at large, Mr. Craufurd put them into print; and so great was the stir and pother that they made, that, within a week of publication, three editions were exhausted, and the fourth (now in our hands) was issued.

Nowadays, if the novelist wishes to get rapidly rid of his wares, they must not be blunted fictions, like the razor-seller's articles; but they must be sharp and cutting, spiced with daring novelties, and dealing, more or less, with sins against the Seventh Commandment. And so with the majority of sermons; if their writer would not desire to publish them for the buttermilk and wastepaper basket, he has here before him the success of the Rector of Oldswinford to show that, to make a sermon sell like wildfire, you have only to season it with unseemly jokes, and to cram it with sins against good taste and right feeling. Whether notoriety is worth purchasing at this price is altogether another question, which we are quite content to leave to the bad judgment of the Rev. C. H. Craufurd.

WHITHERWARD HO?

THE imagination is a fine faculty, but it cannot attain its highest development unless at the expense of the judgment. A poet and a philosopher, a brilliant romancer and a logical reasoner, are generally at opposite poles of the intellectual sphere. The feeling, therefore, with which the public has regarded the remarkable theories which the author of "Westward Ho!" ventured to propound last Sunday, in the Chapel Royal, and in the presence of its Dean, the Bishop of London, is certainly one of surprise, but of a surprise arising rather from the incongruity of such utterances with the professional character of the preacher than from any particular authority he possesses as a divine. Much in the same way, the House of Commons, a few days before, was surprised to hear a hitherto silent member express himself in a way sufficiently original and amusing; but Mr. John Hardy's familiars did not wonder so much at what he said as that he should have said it in such a place and at such a time. It may be thought unfair to Mr. Kingsley to enter upon a criticism of his sermon with no fuller report of it before us than the short and meagre abstracts with which some newspapers have supplied us. In what we are going to say we will assume that these abstracts, which agree in substance with each other, do not misrepresent the spirit, at least, of his discourse. It is open to him, by publishing it in full, to do himself as much justice in the matter as rests with him. We, on our part, if we have done him an unintentional wrong, will then be happy to make all the amends in our power. But we do not consider that we are bound to wait for the authorized publication of the sermon before we venture to say anything upon a subject which has been so general a topic of conversation during the week.

"All systems of ethics, theology, and science, seem changing," to Mr. Kingsley. Those who call the nineteenth century a glorious age of progress, "the eve of a new reformation, of all sorts of blessings to humanity," and those who speak of it as an unhappy century, "the age of scepticism and atheism," are both right and both wrong. Mr. Kingsley denies that with increased knowledge has come increased doubt, but when we examine his statements further, we must only conclude that doubt does not exist at present simply because it has given way to absolute disbelief. The cosmogonies and systems of the Middle Ages were framed in the cloister, he says. In part only, if we believe that there were such men as Ptolemy and Aristotle. They have not stood the test of modern science. That is clear enough. We do not find any proof of his assertion that Christians, even in the Middle Ages, looked upon

Virgil as a theological authority. They did not regard even Dante as such, and no well-informed person will impute to the Schoolmen the acceptance of the "Inferno" as a theological treatise. It was as much so, probably, as "Paradise Lost" is with us, and no more. Father Hardouin attributed to the monks of the Middle Ages the works which we admire as the Greek and Latin classics. It seems to us that Mr. Kingsley, to make out his case, should go a little further, and ascribe to the Middle Ages the invention of the four Gospels. For he doubts (notwithstanding his denial that doubt is on the increase) "whether Scripture really endorses all the Middle-Age notions of future punishment, whether such phrases as 'outer darkness,' 'the undying worm,' a 'Gehenna of fire,' are to be taken as implying torment hereafter, or as the sure punishment of sin in this life,—whether heaven might not be the moral world, full of goodness, beneficence, and purity, in which God reigns; and hell, a condition of hatred, malice, impurity." This theory, however, will hardly square with some very precise and explicit words which the writers of the Gospels (who, perhaps, were not the Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John we have been accustomed to believe) attribute to our Lord. A commentary on the Gospels, based upon Mr. Kingsley's theory, would be a curiosity. When we are told, for instance, to fear Him who "is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," the interpretation, we suppose, would be that it is only God who can drive us into a fit of illness or bring upon us trouble of mind. What, we are tempted to ask, is the "undying worm" of Mr. Dothemall, who has failed for a heavy amount, paying his creditors sixpence in the pound, and who rolls in the carriage their money has paid for, from the villa in which his ill-got wealth maintains him sumptuously? In what prison does he "pay the last farthing"? Or how shall we explain the text, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," on an hypothesis which does away with the judgment-day and the Judge, the wicked and the fire (everlasting or otherwise), and, of course, with such mythical and impossible beings as the devil and his angels? Mr. Maurice explained the word "everlasting" as merely an hyperbole, or what we call an Americanism. Lord Westbury "dismissed Hell with costs," and felt satisfied, no doubt, that the decision of so able a lawyer would be affirmed in the Court above—if, indeed, there could be any Court above that in which he presided. But Mr. Kingsley leaves these authorities some way behind, in making his "Gehenna" the mere earthly consequence of evil done on earth—that sort of poetical justice, in fact, which men are pleased to see done, though the satisfaction is often denied them. Thus, we might say that the gehenna of high living is the gout, the gehenna of a night's dissipation is the following morning's headache, the gehenna of Horsman on Monday is Bright on Tuesday, the gehenna of Müller is Calcraft, the gehenna of rhetorical flippancies, after the manner of Kingsley, are critical dissections in the style of Newman. "The Reformation," says Mr. Kingsley, "was a change back to apostolic doctrine," and he asks, "might not the new Reformation be still more so?" It might be certainly, and it is (taking him as its evangelist, or dysangelist), a change back to something that was taught in apostolic times, and before them, not indeed by the Apostles, but by the Sadducees.

Now, all this kind of talk is not new to us, and has not been heard for the first time in this glorious-miserable, sceptical-believing nineteenth century. The name of Jean Jacques Rousseau is not unknown to fame. He was an enlightened, philosophic, and philanthropic person, and he objected, on principle, to the idea of future punishment. That, however, did not hinder another enlightened friend of humanity, Diderot, from feeling some satisfaction in the thought of Rousseau's certain damnation, such a rascal did he consider him. "*Il est damné*," wrote Diderot to Grimm; "*cela est sûr*." Systems of ethics, theology, and science underwent some changes in the last century at the hands of French philosophers; but that their conceptions of the spiritual world were changed by divine inspiration, we think even Mr. Kingsley will hesitate to say, for it would cut his own ground from under his feet. The inquiring minds of working men disinclined to patronize the services of Christian churches have been refreshed on Sunday evenings with these views of life and duty, expounded by various "professors," at halls which, during the rest of the week afford entertainment of a more diversified character. Any hot Sunday in summer you may hear some obscure missionary of this irreligion, preaching it with much volubility (when he is not within earshot of a policeman), from a chair in Hyde Park, to any one who will condescend to listen. But the novelty in the present case consists in the place where, the person by whom, and the audience in whose presence the

sermon was delivered. The place was the Chapel Royal—a place in which we reasonably expect to find Christian doctrine taught as well as Christian worship celebrated. The preacher was a rector of the Church of England, and one of her Majesty's chaplains. The audience included not only many laymen of distinction, but several dignitaries of the Church, and amongst them, as we have stated before, the bishop of the diocese, who is also dean of the chapel. But what is the *raison d'être* of the Church of England (or any Christian community), of bishops, and rectors, and Chapels Royal, and their deans and chaplains, if teaching like Mr. Kingsley's can be authorized or tolerated in such a place? From the top of a chair in the park it would not be so bad, and there every one who liked could hear him without being obliged "to hold up their hats on sticks and umbrellas to save them from being crushed." But even in that case the inconvenience of his position as a rector and royal chaplain would still exist.

There is certainly a call for some one to interfere in the matter. The Bishop of London's hands are overwhelmingly full of work in his efforts to put down the Ribbonmen of Ritualism, and it would be too much for him to undertake the suppression of muscular infidelity in addition. Our own opinion is, however, that the present case is not so much one for any ecclesiastical court as for a particular kind of commission, the issuing of which is within the authority of the Court of Chancery. At least no one can plead that the words heard in the Chapel Royal last Sunday were "words of truth and soberness."

GOING INTO TRAINING.

NOWADAYS one can scarcely take up the morning paper without finding in one column at least some allusion to an athletic contest either just decided or about to come off. Not only is a considerable space devoted to the prognostications for that aquatic Derby, the Oxford and Cambridge race at Putney, with a mass of detail about the form of the rowers, the style of their stroke, the respective weights of the two crews; but we find a whole column or more taken up with the description of the university athletic sports, and these narrated in the true scientific style which used to be the exclusive property of the sporting papers, but which we have learned to look for in the most staid and sober journals. Nor is this all, for there is a ready welcome given by the press to events of more local interest, such as the doings of individual colleges upon the river and at their own athletic games. We may be sure that these feats would not thus be immortalized unless it was well ascertained that the accounts of them were acceptable to the public. But one cannot be astonished at this; the advocates of physical education and the missionaries of muscular Christianity have not been preaching for nothing. Indeed, the popular idea of a student has undergone a wonderful transformation. We have got tired of the pale cheek, and the midnight oil, and the green tea; what we look for now is the youthful Milo who is an athlete even in his reading, studying fiercely and then taking fierce exercise, and then coming home and being fiercely carnivorous, and going to bed early—all this to a constant accompaniment of "tubs," which form the most important item in the ritual of muscularity. But of all this, only the Christianity is new, the muscular element in its connection with education is a time-honoured institution. Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded how so grave a master as Plato himself divided the whole science of education into two parts, one of which he called music (although it meant a great deal more than our use of the word), and the other gymnastic—the intention of the two combined being to produce the *mens sana in corpore sano*. So we may fairly say that we have made a step back to the wisdom of our forefathers in thus glorifying the gymnastic side of education; and our excitement at the competition in the various athletic sports is only a new phase of that old feeling which assembled whole tribes and peoples together to witness the Olympic games, and which made a victor feel that the simple green crown was the highest guerdon he could obtain.

But probably the majority of those who take so much interest in these encounters have no idea of the rigorous discipline to which the competitor subjects himself in order to "get into training." The young ladies who wear dark or light blue ribbons at Putney never think of the lives that their heroes have led for the last five weeks, the work they have gone through, and the diet to which they have been restricted to give them firmness of muscle and soundness of wind.

Modern ideas of training are widely removed from the ancient practice. They agree in the essentials of prescribing particular forms of ablutions and a regular dietary, but the

details of the respective systems are strangely unlike. Instead of the nineteenth-century "tub," which, accompanied with a rough towel, ought to be the armorial bearing of every modern athlete, the classical trainers recommended the copious use of oil well rubbed in, and then dredged with sand, after which process the body was cleaned down with a scraper, wielded by a regular professor. We do not know how our university champions would like this very rough form of Turkish bath! The professor undertook the superintendence of the gymnast's diet also. It is hardly credible that originally meat formed no part of this diet, but that it consisted principally of cheeses fresh from the strainers, but we have the authority of Pausanias for it, and we can only marvel at the superhuman powers of early Greek digestion. Nor shall we be likely to think that they improved matters by adding dried figs to the cheese, which was the next step. And when by-and-by the more intelligible practice was introduced of eating meat during training, we shall surely stare with astonishment to find Dr. Galen recommending pork. However, in time the ancient system came much nearer to the modern, and beef and goat's-flesh formed the staple of the athlete's diet; and it would seem that the good people were at first astonished at the result, for a worthy Greek of the name of Cleitomachus tells us that he once saw a Theban athlete who easily conquered all his opponents, because he had lived on a course of goat's-meat.

We are told that there was a minimum of food which every one in training was bound to take, but whether there was a maximum or not is not so easy to say. At any rate, hear what that old gossip Athenæus has to tell us of some of the famous Greek athletes. Theagenes, the Thasian, is supposed to sing—

"Once I agreed to eat up a whole Meonian bullock,
For my small Thasian isle could not have kept me in meat.
When that was done I cried, 'More!'—for that is the diet which
makes me
Stand like a tower of steel, squaring my terrible fists."

When Milo, the Crotoniat, was in training he is said to have eaten, at a sitting, twenty pounds of meat, twenty pounds of bread, and three gallons of wine. But this feat was wholly eclipsed by the Ætolian who "breakfasted on a bull." And if this gives anything of a true picture, even allowing for palpable exaggerations, it is no wonder that Euripides called the whole race of athletes the greatest curse to society; "for how," he says, "can that man live decently who is nothing better than—

Slave of his teeth and minion of his maw?"

In our own day we cannot call our athletes the curse of society, they are often among the pleasantest members and the brightest ornaments of it; but then it is true it would take them a good many breakfasts to get through a bull. Still they are under very strict discipline during training, and some of our readers may be amused to have an idea what this training consists of. We cannot profess to give an exhaustive account of it, nor, in all probability, one which every training-master will endorse, for each one has his own ideas and his own traditions to follow. But to take a single instance out of the many forms of training, we may fairly say that no trained crew goes down the river without some taste of such bondage as the following:—Pipes, pastry, and pudding must at once be abjured; desserts must be repudiated, and muffins are unmentionable. The captain of the boat will go the round of his crew in the morning, and see that they are all up in good time and availing themselves of the great panacea, "tub," after which they will take a good spin over some level ground, and then come like lions to breakfast, which will consist of mutton-chops, not overdone, or beefsteak, ditto, accompanied with stale bread and dry toast, and not a superabundance of tea. They will perhaps be allowed a couple of biscuits and a glass of port wine for luncheon, and at two o'clock a leg of mutton or more steak will await them, with not more than a pint of ale and a limited quantity of potatoes. After their various spins up and down the river during the afternoon, they will probably stretch their legs with a good run in their boating jackets. Supper is generally light, some trainers swearing by gruel, others giving all their support to jelly; and at an early hour the crew must be in bed. Sundays are generally diversified by a walk of a dozen miles or so, which, beside its genial effect, keeps the crew from idling in their rooms, and perhaps hankering after the surreptitious pipe. (The Sunday question hardly touches a training crew.) To this routine many disciplinarians add their own fancies. Some like, following the example of Mrs. Squeers, to dose their crew all round, in order that they may commence, as it were, *ab integro*; others love to vary the *toujours gigot* or *toujours biftek* with an occasional fish, or a boiled fowl, or a little green vegetables if the men are showing

symptoms of over-training. But whether you are in the hands of a rigid or a liberal master, there is no doubt that training is a severe discipline, and one which no men would undergo who were not touched by

"Fame, the spur which the clear spirit doth raise."

Indeed, it ought to add a thousandfold to the interest of spectators looking on at some keenly contested match, to know that the youthful strength which they admire is the result of something better than mere English blood and bone—that it is the creation of good, hard, English determination, of honest self-denial, of a steady resolution, for a while at any rate,

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

"Training" affects men very differently. To some it is a period of intense mental as well as bodily activity; it exactly agrees with their constitution, and they are thoroughly happy under it. To others it brings a sort of heaviness, which is only shaken off during exercise, and which returns irresistibly every evening in the shape of drowsiness. Other men, again, who at other times have the sweetest and most unruffled tempers, are so pettish and touchy that they can only be approached with the extremest caution—they have probably rather overtrained. And the bondage is at its height when the crew is in the boat; they are the absolute slaves of him who is "coaching" them; they must go fast or slow, stop and start just when he pleases, and occasionally they must be prepared for a torrent of invective from an energetic coxswain if a vagrant eye wanders from the back of the man in front to the most interesting object on the bank, or if an oar is in the water a fraction of a second too long, or if any other such misdemeanour is committed. Lastly, let us record the noble sacrifice that has to be made, when, as often, the hard and unyielding rowing-bench claims a tribute of human skin. Then self-denial has its work cut out for it indeed, and mind has to triumph over matter, while we may fancy the victorious crew rowing gallantly in to the glorious finish, each man inwardly chanting the almost Virgilian refrain,—

"Non, si excoriamur, inulti
Excoriemur, ait!"

OUR LAUREATES.

In looking down the list of Poets Laureate, from Chaucer to Tennyson, one is at a loss to conceive on what principle of selection they were raised to their office. It is true that some of the earlier amongst them were not known by that precise epithet, but they all held a post as king's versifiers, and received marks of the royal favour. One, like Chaucer at Woodstock, was lodged in a goodly mansion assigned him by the Court, with a comfortable little pension of twenty marks, equalling £240 a year of our money. Another received, with his salary, an annual allowance of ruby wine fresh from the royal cellars; and a third, though he never wore a crown of bay leaves, was chosen, like Skelton, from among the *poeta laureati* of the "Unyversite of Oxenforde," and called in plain English "laureat poete." Such was the phrase applied by Edward IV. to John Kaye, and by Chaucer to his great contemporary Petrarch, whose crowning in the Capitol at Rome was the talk of all Europe. Princes, nobles, and senators, in the pomp and splendour of mediæval costume, had marched before him; patrician youths arrayed in green and scarlet flung garlands of fragrant flowers on his path; the chief magistrate, one of the Colonna family, seated on a throne with the laurel crown in his hand, listened to the poet's discourse on Virgil, and then placed on his brows the unfading diadem, of which the very name reminded the wearer of that Laura who had been his inspiration and his theme. To present to the senator a sonnet in praise of Rome, to move in gorgeous procession to the Vatican, and pay homage to its august occupant, and to suspend the laurel wreath before the shrine of St. Peter, was the natural conclusion of this novel and striking pageant. Two hundred and fifty years later, it would have been repeated in honour of Tasso; but just as he had learned from Clement VIII. that this high distinction was in store for him, he departed hence to receive at other hands a better and brighter crown.

Rome, in those ages, knew which of her sons was worthy of the laurel; and this is precisely what England does not seem to have known till of late. During four centuries it appears to have been purely accidental whether the nation's poet should be a bright genius or a venal scribbler. Chaucer, the soldier, the ambassador, the romancer, the father of English poetry, was succeeded by Scogan, Kaye, and Barnard,

whose names are now almost forgotten. John Skelton, the "royal orator," was better known for his learning than his fancy, and, though a priest, he satirized Wolsey and other over-fed churchmen of his time. Edmund Spenser (informally indeed, but in a way that seems to have been recognised) took his place, richer with his "verses dipped in dew of Castalie"—his "Shepherd's Calendar" and "Faery Queene"—than with his 3,000 acres out of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond. Lord Chatham's sister used often to say of that "Faery Queene" that it was the only thing her illustrious brother knew accurately. If the lofty and cultivated Daniel had not been made Laureate when Shakespeare was in the zenith of his fame, he would have formed no unworthy link between Spenser and "rare Ben Jonson." Jonson's career as Laureate began in the year Shakespeare died; and it must be granted that "Catiline's Conspiracy" and "Drink to me only with thine Eyes" would alone suffice to vindicate their author's claim to the post he held. But what shall we say of his successor? Did not Sir William Davenant write tragedies that make one laugh and comedies that make one cry? Did he not pen his frivolous masks while Milton composed "Comus," or dictated that immortal epic which, with much difficulty, as Elijah Fenton says, he succeeded in having licensed for the press, and could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds? Sir William Davenant fought bravely in the royal cause, and returned from exile at the Restoration to reap his reward, while Milton died before he had received the whole of the paltry price stipulated for "Paradise Lost."

"Glorious John" came next. But Dryden is not such a favourite with us as with Halcro in the "Pirate." We have no sympathy with one who celebrated the praises of Cromwell, Charles II., and James II., by turns, with equal fervour. Of his genius there can be no doubt, and of his obscenity none either. It was far less disgraceful to him to be beaten by the hired ruffians of Lord Rochester, when returning from his coffee-house in Covent-garden, than to be dismissed from his office of Poet Laureate by William of Orange. He would, no doubt, have written birthday odes in his honour as readily as for either of his predecessors, and would certainly have produced much better ones than any Laureate who succeeded him during a hundred and twenty years. But his venality deserved retribution, and found it. His £300 a year took wings and fled, and Shadwell, the butt of his satire, the hero of "MacFlecknoe," and the Og of "Absalom and Achitophel," wore the wreath of laurel that had been torn from his brows. Shadwell, Dryden's enemy, was soon succeeded by Nahum Tate, Dryden's friend. But friend and foe were alike unworthy to stand in his place. Tate had written parts of "Absalom and Achitophel," which were evidently inferior to the rest, though revised by the master-hand; and he has been well called one of those jackals that hunt with the lions of literature. The poet's crown next fell to Nicholas Rowe. His tragedies are tolerable, if any can be called so which are mere imitations of a classic and unnatural style. As to Eusden, another Laureate in the time of George I., and in the time, be it remarked, of Alexander Pope, his name is now scarcely known. He bequeathed his laurels to Colly Cibber, whose chief qualifications for the task of poet consisted in his writing *prose* comedies, managing a theatre well, and publishing an amusing account of his own life, with all its bustle and frivolity, stage-anecdotes, and graphic sketches of actors and actresses.

"Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
Folly, my son, has still a friend at Court."

Kings, it was said, used to have both a fool and a poet, but Cibber conveniently united the two offices in one.

The honour of the Laureateship was fast declining, and William Whitehead was not likely to retrieve it. Pity that he had not a place in the "Dunciad," where, by the side of Shadwell, he might have "nodded the poppy on his brows"! Thomas Warton just broke the fall of the Laureates, and enriched our literature with a valuable "History of English Poetry;" but the line reached its lowest degradation in Henry J. Pye. He was Laureate while, in the language of Byron, the last hopes of deserted poetry slept with pious Cowper, and not then only, but during the last ten years of Cowper's sad but poetic life at Olney. Till 1813, he disgraced our century; and the meanest rhymers in a poet's corner could ask with justice—

"Why should I faint when all with patience hear,
And Laureate Pye sings more than twice a year?"

Sometimes he was called "Spartan Pye," on account of his translation of the Odes of the Spartan Tyrtaeus. They were intended principally to inspire the militia with valour in the event of an invasion, but had no more effect on military minds than the sermon which a clergyman translated from St. Chrysostom, and was surprised to find that the congregation were not struck by its eloquence. The experiment, however, was fairly tried. A board of general officers agreed that the Odes should be read aloud at Warley Common and at Barham Downs by the adjutants at the head of five different regiments, each in its camp. Great results were expected, but, before the reading was half over, the front ranks and all the men within verse-shot dropped their arms, and were found fast asleep. Thus Spartan Pye lulled England to repose, and, not content with translating Tyrtaeus, he also rendered into his mother tongue a German tale, which was a sort of "Blue Beard" full of *diablerie Tudesque*, and induced Lady Diana Beauclerc to illustrate the silly words of a silly subject with her elegant pencil.

"The pie began to open; the birds began to sing," has been reversed in the case of this maudlin minstrel. When Henry J. Pye had closed his lips for ever, a better race of Laureates succeeded. Southey sang well, Wordsworth better, Tennyson best of all. They have disdained to offer to royalty periodical and fulsome birthday odes. They have addressed the reigning prince when and how they pleased, and not the Sovereign only, but any member of the royal family who seemed to call for a welcome, an epithalamium, or an epitaph. One imperishable "book of song" was dedicated in the sweetest verse to Victoria—the revered, the beloved—sixteen years ago, when the throstle called through wild March, and "the sun-lit almond blossom" was shaking all about her palace walls at Osborne. The "Idylls of the King" (in a subsequent edition to the first) were inscribed to "the silent father of our kings to be," and the "Welcome to Alexandra" met the daughter of a long line of Danish princes ere she touched our shores. England has now but two great poets, and the Laureate is one of them. His fame is ever increasing, for he combines the precision of the correct school of Queen Anne with much of the fire and freedom of the Elizabethan poets. We shall have no more Eusdens and Cibbers; the Laureates henceforth will be chosen because Nature's own hand has moulded them for the office; and when Tennyson shall resign his green and stainless wreath, it will, we may be pretty sure, be worn by one more resembling Chaucer and Spenser than either Whitehead or Pye.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

A FORTNIGHT ago the death and burial of the Master of Trinity occupied all minds here, but the busy world cannot afford to dwell long upon such events, and the appointment of Professor Thompson to the vacant lodge has put a term to the discussions of his predecessor's merits and powers. The letter of Mr. Ebdon, which appears in the LONDON REVIEW of last Saturday, is similar in substance to letters addressed by him to other periodicals, as the *Standard* and the *Cambridge Chronicle*; and the fact that it has been necessary for him to contradict in so many quarters the story of Mr. Jacob's triumph over his rival in the struggle for the highest University honours of his year, only proves how very generally that tradition has been held. It has certainly been told from one generation to another of freshmen, and has been told without contradiction; and the wonder is how so consistent a story should have been invented and have gained such ground in the very place where its details were said to have occurred. Of the new appointment it is sufficient to say that outside the college it is believed that the Regius Professor of Greek would have been the choice of the college itself had the choice lain with that body. His powers and his personal presence marked him out very clearly for the great position he has now been called to fill, and it is fortunate for the college that Lord Russell has been so well advised. It may be added that the Government owed Professor Thompson something for his work as a Public School Commissioner. The new Master of Trinity graduated as tenth Senior Optime in 1832, in which year he was fourth in the First Class of the Classical Tripas and second Chancellor's Medallist, Mr. E. L. Lushington being senior Classic and senior Medallist. Mr. Shilleto, the private tutor of a large proportion of the highest classical men for many years past, was second in the First Class in the same year. Professor Lightfoot preached a very powerful sermon on the death of Dr. Whewell, on Sunday, in the College Chapel, where eight days before the peculiarly solemn ceremony of the funeral had taken place, of which sufficient details have already appeared in the various daily and weekly periodicals.

Your Oxford correspondent has dealt with the inter-University athletic sports, which afforded yet one more instance of the fallacy of prophetic calculations. Oxford had thrown the hammer 91 ft. 1 in. and Cambridge 90 ft. in the home sports, but in the great competition

the second best of the two Cambridge men won this event for his University by a throw of 87 ft. 7 in. only. The mile had been done in 4 min. 55 sec. by Oxford, and in 4 min. 47 sec. by Cambridge; but Oxford won with 4 min. 45 sec. The high jump and the long jump are less variable events than anything else on the usual card, and they both went, as they were expected to go, for Cambridge; the champion of each University, in the latter competition, considerably improving upon his registered performance. The hundred yards race and the hurdle race were to go one to each, but no reliable register of the time in which Oxford had done them was to be had before the races. Both went easily to Oxford, and the only consolation Cambridge had lay in the fact that Tiffany's fall, after twice grazing his hurdles, deprived them of the most complete certainty they had on the card. The quarter of a mile (four miles the *Daily Telegraph* reported it) was put down for Oxford, as having been done in 55½ sec., as against 56 sec.; but here again fortune crossed calculation, and Mr. Pelham landed it for Cambridge with a good 54 sec. Putting the weight (16 lb.) went to Cambridge, with 32 ft. 10½ in., being 1 ft. 3 in. in excess of the distance thrown on Fenner's ground. Lastly, the two miles went to neither, being the finest struggle and the greatest surprise of the day. Oxford had done it in 10 min. 28 sec., and Cambridge in 11 min. 8 sec., a difference of 40 sec. in favour of Oxford, and the Cambridge champion was unable to come. The second man, however, came out nobly under the responsibility thus thrown upon him, and accomplished the two miles in 10 min. 28 sec., coming in level with the Oxford champion, amid such shouting and enthusiasm as cannot be imagined. Thus, the advantage in number of events landed is with Cambridge, being five firsts and a dead heat against three firsts and a dead heat. The number of second places is in favour of Oxford. A dreadful rumour was current in Oxford on the Tuesday after the sports, that the University authorities are contemplating the abolition of the sports, in consequence of the large amount of betting which takes place, or is said to take place. It might be answered that the same objection lies against the boat and the eleven, but of course there is more scope for betting, similar to that which gives the turf a bad character, in a meeting which gives rise to nine different events.

Ill luck attends the Cambridge boat. Men decline to row, and the actual ship declines to prove itself suitable for the eight men who can be got together. In spite of all obstacles, there is an improvement perceptible in the style of the men, and, without hoping for a victory for the present year, there is by no means the dulness of despair for the future which has of late clouded our efforts. The first account from the Thames represented Cambridge as making no progress; but there was much to baffle them then in the state of the water. Every one must so far sympathize with them as to hope that it will not fall to their lot to row a very desperate stern chase among the perilous pests which pursue the racing boats on the Thames. The accounts of the doings of the "Putney week" have been less unfavourable than Cambridge had expected, and Oxford seems to have been no better satisfied than we with the new boat. However, all will be over before these words appear.

The members of the Senate have had a grave matter before them, namely, the question of affixing the University seal to a petition against Mr. Bouverie's Bill for admitting Dissenters to fellowships, which affects also tutorships and professorships, and would repeal whole sections of the Act of Uniformity. It is understood that six members of the Council voted against the introduction of a grace to the effect that the seal should be so affixed, only seven voting in its favour, so that a narrow majority of one decided in favour of giving the Senate an opportunity of expressing its opinion. It is really time that the proceedings of the Council should be more closely looked into. And a good thing has been done by the election of Dr. Atkinson, the Master of Clare, to the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Whewell. When the Senate came to vote on the grace, at a special congregation on last Friday, only six votes were recorded against it, a most significant proof how completely many members of the Council fail on such questions to express the feeling of the large body of the Senate. It was calculated that some two hundred members were present to *placet* the grace, in case any serious opposition should be attempted, and it is to be hoped that this fact will show some of the members of the Council the necessity of taking larger views of their duty to their constituents. Men are not elected on to the Council that they may blindly suppress all action of the Senate on points on which they have themselves strong private views, but only that they may take an enlightened part in discussing without prejudice the general advisability of submitting various questions to the decision of the Senate. As years pass on, it becomes more and more evident that this Council, with which the commissioners have saddled the Senate, may work very badly indeed; and it is lamentable that a body of men of whom only a majority of one was in favour of allowing the Senate to say whether it wished to petition against Mr. Bouverie's Bill or not, should have the absolute appointment to such offices as that of Regius Professor of Divinity. It is all very well to say that in a matter of such importance as the appointment of a Regius Professor of Divinity the members of the Council would each one of them feel the great responsibility of his own position, and would vote accordingly, but no question could well involve a more serious responsibility, or bring to light a more reckless disregard of responsibility, than this of the admission of Dissenters viewed from the side of the University as affected by the Act of Uniformity. On the general question it is sufficient to say that it was all very carefully discussed in its many bearings a

few years ago, and the commissioners did nothing in the matter, ruthless as their hands knew how to be. Any further interference on the part of Parliament tends to destroy the spirit and independence and character of the University, and this constant tinkering to which our modified constitution is exposed, or with which it is threatened, keeps us in continual hot water and unrest. If on no other grounds than this, we have a right to say to meddling Members of Parliament, "Do please let us alone and mind your own business!"

An important step was taken on the same day, in passing the grace which requires that for the future all candidates for the Theological Examination shall have their names on the boards of some college at the time of examination. For some year or two this will lead to confusion and trouble, but once got well into gearing, it will work infinitely better than the present most unsatisfactory arrangement, or rather absence of arrangement. The report of the Library Syndicate has been out a short time, but I have deferred mentioning it till the discussion on one of its suggestions should take place. This suggestion is that for the future the amount of subscription to the library payable by all whose names are on the University boards shall be raised from eighteenpence to half a crown a head for each quarter, that is, from six to ten shillings a year. The reason of this suggestion being made is that the income of the library does not meet the expenditure, while the expenditure itself is not nearly so large as it would be if the wishes of the librarian and those who have some sensible idea of what a vast library should really be, were carried out. Even with the present cramped style of carrying on the work, there is a total deficit of £220 for 1865, the Library Subscription Fund itself being £450 in arrear. The suggested addition of four shillings a head would raise a very large annual sum,—very large, that is, as an augmentation of the £2,500 which subscriptions and fines now produce, and it seems as if no one would really feel the addition. Tutors, however, are always anxious to keep down the necessary taxes upon undergraduates, and the great objection of all is that each college would be called upon to pay the extra four shillings annually for each of its "compounders," i. e., graduates above the degree of B.A., who have paid in past time a capital sum to their college, in consideration of which the college engages to make all necessary University payments and to remit all college payments. It is said that the proposed change would cost Trinity alone £500 a year. The Public Orator stated, in the course of the discussion, that Dr. Whewell had been warmly in favour of the new scheme, and he of course represented the body that would absolutely have to pay the largest sum, though Trinity can afford the £500 a year much better than some smaller colleges can afford their £50.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

NO. XII.—PROTESTANT DISSENT IN DUBLIN—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION—TRIAL OF REV. THOMAS EMLYN FOR HERESY AND BLASPHEMY—INTOLERANCE OF THE DISSENTERS—CRUELTY OF ARCHBISHOP MARSH—UNITARIANISM IN DUBLIN—THE GREAT LORD PLUNKET, THE SON OF A UNITARIAN MINISTER, GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT BISHOP OF TUAM—THE EMLYNS AND THE PLUNKETS—THE LATE REV. DR. MONTGOMERY—THE DUBLIN PRESBYTERIANS—THE INDEPENDENTS—THE WESLEYANS—STATISTICS OF DUBLIN DISSENT—GENERAL ASSEMBLY—REGIUM DONUM—THE REV. RICHARD DILL AND THE WIDOW MAGEE—THE MAGEE COLLEGE—LIBERALITY OF MR. FINDLATER—THE LATE DR. CARLILE, COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION—THE REV. JOHN HALLS—DECLINE OF DISSENT IN DUBLIN—SUBSERVIENCY TO THE ESTABLISHMENT—THE IRISH PRESBYTERIANS UNREPRESENTED IN PARLIAMENT.

In our last number we noticed the marvellous progress of the principles of toleration during the last century, as illustrated in the history of the Roman Catholics of Dublin. Illustrations not less striking may be found in the history of Protestant Dissent. We could not have a better starting point for our review of this progress of religious freedom than the trial of the Rev. Thomas Emlyn for heresy and blasphemy in the Court of Queen's Bench on the 14th of June, 1703. Mr. Emlyn was an Englishman, born at Stamford, Lincolnshire, in 1663. He entered the Dissenting ministry when just twenty years of age, and almost immediately after he came to Ireland as domestic Chaplain to the Countess of Donegal, with whose family he resided for some time in Belfast, after which he removed to London. In 1691, he was induced, after repeated and urgent invitations, to become co-pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Wood-street—afterwards Strand-street—in Dublin, Mr. Boyse being the senior minister. Emlyn was a man of superior abilities, accomplished, amiable, upright, a learned divine, and an eloquent preacher. The congregation numbered a thousand people, and included some of the nobility.

For ten or twelve years everything went on pleasantly with Mr. Emlyn; but in the course of his studies he began to entertain doubts of the divinity, or rather the supreme deity of Christ. He ascribed to Him all the attributes in common with Trinitarians but this, which he regarded as incompatible with the unity of God. Though averse, as he said, "to any mean compliances against his light in such sacred matters," he did not think it wise to throw himself abruptly out of a station of usefulness by an open avowal of his sentiments; and so he rather evaded the doctrines on which his mind was changed in the course of his preaching—dealing mostly with practical subjects. The congregation did not perceive this, and his preaching was as popular and apparently as useful as ever. But there was one member, Dr. Cumming, an elder of the congregation, who had been a divinity student, and he detected the latent heresy in the preaching of the junior pastor. He revealed his suspicions to Mr. Boyse; they both waited on Emlyn, and questioned him on the subject. He then confessed frankly the change in his opinions, and offered to resign at once. To this they objected, and suggested a conference of the Dissenting Ministers of the city—Messrs. Weld, Travers, Sinclair, Tredell, and Tate. "At their desire," he said, "I gave them a meeting, and candidly opened my mind to them. We had, not without mutual sorrow, about two hours' discourse, in which I professed myself ready to give my assent to the Scriptures, though not to their explanations; judging I might justly use my reason where they so much used theirs, or other men's. And I would have done anything that, with a good conscience, I could, rather than have broken from them, with whom I had lived so many years in friendly acquaintance, and whom I loved and esteemed." But upon their first conference with him, they immediately agreed the same day to cast him off, without consulting his flock.

He had just lost his wife, who left him two young children, and was overwhelmed with affliction. He went to London, hoping that the storm would soon blow over, and that he might return to the congregation. This, however, being out of the question, he came back to Dublin, and printed a defence of his opinions and his character, in consequence of the odium that had been excited against him. This he called "An Humble Inquiry into the Scripture Account of the Lord Jesus Christ." He intended to return to England immediately after it was published, but some zealous Dissenters hearing of his plans resolved that he should not escape so easily. Two of them, a Presbyterian and a Baptist, being on the grand jury, were for having him presented to that body. But a quicker and surer process was adopted. Mr. Caleb Thomas, the Baptist, obtained a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice, Sir R. Pyne, to seize Emlyn and his books, and he went himself with the keeper of Newgate to execute the warrant. Heavy bail was taken till Easter, when the grand jury found a true bill against him for blasphemy, one of his own deacons being on the jury. Just at that moment came out an answer to his book that had been seized, by his late colleague, Mr. Boyse, with an inflammatory preface, and not a word in favour of liberty of thought. The trial took place in June. Before it commenced, the prisoner was told by Sir R. Levins, an eminent barrister, that it was designed "to run him down like a wolf without law or game." His case was so odious that he found it hard to get counsel. If such a case occurred at the present day, the first men at the bar, such as Sergeant Armstrong, M.P., or Mr. Whiteside, M.P., would be proud of the opportunity of pleading for the prisoner. But in Emlyn's trial several refused to have anything to do with the case, and those whom he did succeed in retaining "were so interrupted and borne down that they would not attempt it more." There was no evidence of the publication, but Boyse was sent for and put in the witness-box in order to extort from him the confession made by the prisoner to him and the other ministers; and the amount of what he proved was that the prisoner declared "what was judged by his brethren to be near to Arianism." Six or seven of the bishops were present, including the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, Dr. Marsh and Dr. King. The counsel for the Crown urged that strong presumption was as good as evidence, and the Lord Chief Justice told the jury the same, and pointed them to the authority of the Bishops on the Bench beside him. His counsel did not dare to speak on the merits of the case, and he was not permitted to speak himself. When the jury had retired, they were hurried and goaded into a verdict of "Guilty." The Attorney-General, Robert Rochford, demanded that the prisoner should be sent to the pillory; but in mercy to him, as "a man of letters," he was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, to pay a fine of £1,000 to the Queen, and to lie in jail till it was paid. For five or six weeks he was confined in a close room, with six beds,

among common felons, and then removed to the Marshalsea, where he remained a close prisoner for two years. During all that time he had not a single visit from bishop, presbyter, or layman to convert or console him, with the exception of Mr. Boyse and some of the poorer members of his congregation. "Of all men," he wrote, "the Dissenting ministers of Dublin were the most destitute of kindness; not one of them, excepting Mr. Boyse, vouchsafed me so much as that small office of humanity in visiting me when in prison; nor had they so much pity on the soul of their erring brother—as they thought him—as to seek to turn him from the error of his way. These familiars, with whom I lived so many years in intimate society, never made the attempt," &c. At length, when it was found that the excessive fine of £1,000 was illegal, it was with much difficulty reduced to £70. And now comes the finishing touch of intolerance—an odious manifestation of cruelty and meanness in the name of charity. The Lord Primate, Dr. Narcissus Marsh, as the Queen's Almoner, was entitled to a shilling in the pound of all such fines, and he demanded that it should be levied off the whole amount inflicted by the sentence. "I thought," says the poor victim of persecution, who remained steadfast to his convictions to the last, "I thought his fees must have been reduced proportionately to her Majesty's reduction, and that the Church was to be as merciful as the State; but I was mistaken herein. In short, after several applications and letters to him, he would have £20 of me, and so it was paid him, who thought it no blemish to his charity to take this advantage of the misery of one who, for conscience toward God, had endured grief."*

Nearly twenty years after this—in 1719—the Dublin Dissenting ministers engaged in negotiating the Toleration Act of that year, succeeded in obtaining the insertion of a clause, declaring that "neither this Act, or any clause, article, or thing therein contained, shall extend, or be construed to extend, to give any ease, benefit, or advantage, to any person who, in his preaching or writing, shall deny the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity." Never was the folly of intolerance more clearly demonstrated. This very congregation in Strand-street, which would have put its minister in the pillory, and nearly persecuted him to death, for being almost a Unitarian, itself soon after lapsed into Unitarianism. And, mark the change! One of its Unitarian ministers was the Rev. Mr. Plunket, whose son, William Conynham, became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and whose grandson is now Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam. But for persecution, the Emlyns might have been as great a family as the Plunkets, and had Mr. Plunket lived in an age of intolerance, and been as noble in nature as Emlyn—the loss to the Church and State that would have thence ensued will be admitted by none more readily than by the Plunkets themselves.

It is only by the light of such historical cases that we can see the progress that society has made, and be able to estimate the blessings of civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy. Another illustration has just occurred. The Rev. Dr. Montgomery, who died recently, was, for about forty years, the leader of the Unitarians in Ireland, and headed a large secession from the synod of Ulster, which has resulted in the formation of several Unitarian bodies, having altogether 44 ministers. All these ministers are paid by the State, some £75 and some £100 a year each. In addition to his £100 a year, *Regium Donum*, Dr. Montgomery, the champion of principles which the law in the last century branded as blasphemy and heresy, received £150 or £200 a year for distributing the State endowment among his brethren; and it has just been announced that his widow and daughter have received from the Crown a pension of £100 a year during the life of the survivor. What is most remarkable and suggestive in this instance of royal favour is the reason assigned for granting the pension,—for Dr. Montgomery's "services in the cause of civil and religious liberty." What a comfort it would have been to "the martyred Emlyn," languishing unfriended and forgotten in the noisome dungeon of the Marshalsea, if he could have foreseen the days of Henry Montgomery, who was more influential with Whig Governments in Dublin Castle than even his great orthodox rival, Henry Cooke, was with the Tory Governments.

Congregations of Nonconformists were established in Dublin at a very early period after the Reformation. Before the reign of Charles II., many families of English Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians had settled there; but they were more or less mixed up with the Established Church till 1662, when the passing of the Act of Uniformity compelled the conscientious to separate. Among these were a number of

* The Trial of the Rev. Thomas Emlyn, &c. By George Mathews, Esq.

clergymen, including the Provost of Trinity College and several of the Fellows. Being men distinguished for their station, learning, and piety, many wealthy and some noble families seceded with them, and formed congregations which were called Presbyterian, though they were not strictly bound by the Presbyterian polity, but occupied a position between Presbyterianism and Congregationalism. They were formed into seven congregations, which were very large and influential; namely, Wood-street, afterwards Strand-street, Cooke-street, New-row, afterwards Eustace-street, Plunket-street, Capel-street, Usher's Quay, and Abbey-street. The ministers had a Government stipend of £100 a year each, which would be equal to £300 or £400 at the present day. The number of the Presbyterian congregations in the early part of this century was reduced to four; and of these two, Strand-street and Eustace-street, formerly the largest and most influential, had lapsed into Unitarianism, still retaining the common name, Presbyterian. Strand-street congregation, as we have seen, formerly consisted of thousands; but although the congregations of Cooke-street and Mary's Abbey had merged into it, and although it was served by two pastors of singular ability, Dr. Armstrong and Dr. Drummond, the latter a highly accomplished scholar, the number of members in 1815 was only 560. The Eustace-street congregation could only count 200 members. The two orthodox Presbyterian congregations were Capel-street, afterwards called Mary's Abbey, and Usher's Quay, into which the Plunket-street congregation had merged. The Mary's Abbey Meeting-house was shut in out of view behind Capel-street, entered by a gateway under the houses. Usher's Quay Meeting-house was also inclosed in the midst of old houses, as if "Non-conformity," as well as Popery, was anxious to hide itself from public notice.

When the Plunket-street Presbyterians moved to Usher's Quay in 1774, the vacant meeting-house was occupied by a congregation of Independents, who received "supplies" from England for some years. Their first settled pastor was the Rev. William Cooper, of Lady Huntingdon's Connection. He was a man of great energy and ability, who had tremendous power as a controversialist; but though he attacked the Church of Rome vehemently, he was rather popular with Roman Catholics, who sometimes went to hear him in considerable numbers. The congregation was for a long time large and flourishing, having schools and almshouses in connection with it. Mr. Cooper's son, the Rev. W. Haweis Cooper, also a man of superior ability, became the Independent minister of a new chapel in King's Inn-street, and the resident tutor of the Manor-street Academy or College, established by the Irish Evangelical Society for the education of ministers to labour in Ireland. At an early period an Independent Congregation was established in York-street, off Stephen's-green, for which a large and respectable looking building was erected in the year 1808. For these several places, as well as for others throughout Ireland, the men and the money for a long time came from England; and, indeed, Independency, which never seemed able to take firm root in the Irish soil, has been mainly supported by English funds sent through the committee of the Irish Evangelical Society in London. The Rev. Dr. Campbell once spoke of the Irish Independent Mission as "ploughing the sand." The Rev. Dr. Urwick, first placed by that society in Sligo, where he distinguished himself in the Roman Catholic controversy, was invited to York-street Chapel, where he laboured, enjoying much public estimation for nearly half a century. He retired last year, having received a testimonial of £2,000. The two Coopers are long since dead, the Manor-street College has ceased to exist, and the remaining Independent congregations in Dublin are mere shadows.

Methodism was introduced into Ireland about the middle of the last century. The two Wesleys, John and Charles, visited Dublin, Cork, and other towns. Protestants flocked to hear them; but they were much annoyed by mobs of Roman Catholics. In Cork, Mr. Charles Wesley found it necessary to prosecute the rioters, and twenty-eight depositions were laid before the grand jury in August, 1749. But the grand jury, instead of finding true bills against the rioters, represented Wesley, and nine of his friends, as "persons of ill-fame, vagabonds, common disturbers of his Majesty's peace, and prayed that they might be transported." The consequence was that the persecuting mob paraded the streets in triumph, offering £5 reward for a "Swaddler's head." When Mr. Wesley and his friends appeared in court to stand their trial, the judges apologised for the outrage on religious freedom, rebuked the bigotry of the grand jury, and dismissed the case. In 1791, about the time of John Wesley's death, his connection in Ireland comprehended 29 circuits, 67 preachers, and 14,000 members. In 1802, the number of Wesleyan meeting-

houses in Ireland was 122. In 1816 the Irish Conference reported 48 circuits, 133 preachers, and nearly 29,000 members.

Other sects were represented in Dublin at an early period of their existence—the Baptists, the Moravians, the Friends; and some had their origin in this city, namely, the Walkerites, the Kellyites, and others. The total number of Dissenters in Dublin in the year 1816 was 7,491, distributed as follows:—Orthodox Presbyterians, 2,200; Unitarians, 760; Presbyterian Seceders, 140; Independents, 1,700; Methodists, 1,420; Moravians, 230; Baptists, 150; Friends, 650; Walker's, Kelly's, and foreign Protestants, 240. There is a record of collections for schools and other charitable purposes in the different places of worship in Dublin in the year 1815, which is interesting and suggestive. Protestant churches, £7,278. 10s. 7½d.; Roman Catholic chapels, £3,300. 9s. 4d.; Presbyterian meeting-houses, £1,259. 18s. 1d.; Independent ditto, £1,100; Methodist ditto, £388. 6s. 1d.; Baptist ditto, £190;—total, £13,517. 4s. 1d.

Before the year 1840 there were two bodies of orthodox Presbyterians in Ireland, located chiefly in Ulster—the Synod of Ulster and the Secession Synod. They were then united in one body, called "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," which, in 1856, comprised 510 congregations, managed under 37 Presbyteries. The ministers are supported by voluntary contributions, the rents of seats or pews, and the *Regium Donum*. This was first granted by Charles II. in 1672, who gave £600 of "Secret Service-money," to be distributed in equal portions among the ministers annually. The grant was discontinued towards the close of his reign and during the reign of James II.; but it was renewed and doubled by William III. In 1784 the amount was increased to £2,200, and in 1792 to £5,000. In 1803 a classification was made according to the number and importance of the congregations—the first class being £100; the second, £75; and the third, £50, Irish currency. When the first-class men die out, the arrangement is that their successors will receive only £75. The money is voted annually, so that it is no longer a royal gift, but a Parliamentary grant. The total amount voted last year was £40,808. 2s. 4d. But this sum is shared with three Unitarian bodies—"The Remonstrant Synod of Ulster," "The Synod of Munster," and the "Presbytery of Antrim," having between them about fifty ministers. Their congregations are not large, but they are generally influential and wealthy. A few years ago these three bodies united to form the "General Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Association of Ireland," for the promotion of their common principles, "the right of private judgment and non-subscription to creeds and confessions of faith." Their doctrines are supposed to vary from the high Arianism for which Emlyn suffered to views of Christ bordering on those of Rénan.

There is no doubt that the Presbyterians of Ulster are as well able as any body of Christians in England or Scotland to support their own ministers. But it seems to be a fixed idea with both ministers and people that their Church could scarcely exist without the *Regium Donum*; and the Rev. John Rogers, late Moderator of the General Assembly, made repeated efforts to get the grant increased to a uniform rate of £100 a year for each minister, and that the endowment should be placed upon the Consolidated Fund—not an unreasonable demand, if the Established Church be maintained, for the Presbyterians are nearly as numerous as the Episcopalians, and are quite equal to them in loyalty, intelligence, industry, and good conduct. No doubt, if Parliament should refuse the *Regium Donum*, and throw the Presbyterian ministers upon the voluntary system, making them wholly dependent for support upon their own people, who generally pay their ministers rather grudgingly, the Establishment would lose a most powerful support, and would have to bear the onset of an energetic agitation from the north. The total number of ministers connected with the Wesleyan body in Ireland is 155, and of their members 18,749. There is another body of the Wesleyan family, called the Primitive Methodist Society, which has in Ireland about 8,000 or 9,000 members.

Returning to Dublin, we find by the last census that the total number of Presbyterians throughout the city parishes is 4,875, without counting two good congregations in the suburbs, one at Sandymount and the other at Rathgar. The number of Wesleyans in Dublin is 1,897; of Independents, 892; of Baptists, 185; of Friends, 302; and of Jews, 324. From these statistics it is clear that the Church has absorbed nearly all the Dissenters except the Presbyterians of the General Assembly. These are constantly recruited from Ulster and Scotland, and consist to a large extent of prosperous merchants and thriving people in various branches of business.

Some time ago, with the help of a legacy from a wealthy widow named Magee,* the late Rev. Richard Dill first brought his church into the face of day by the erection of a handsome building on Ormond Quay, and more recently the Mary's Abbey congregation, which was far the most wealthy, emerged from its gloomy inclosure in Capel-street, and removed to a magnificent new church in Rutland-square, which cost £12,000 or £14,000, and was erected solely by the munificence of Mr. Findlater, a grocer and wine merchant. Some of the ministers of the Mary's Abbey congregation were distinguished men. The late Dr. Carlile, who succeeded Dr. Horner, became the first Resident or paid Commissioner of the National Board of Education, and had much to do with the compilation of the school-books. It spoke well for the liberality of the late Roman Catholic Archbishop Murray, that he worked for many years harmoniously on the Board of Education with a Presbyterian minister in that responsible position; and it shows how highly Dr. Carlile was esteemed, when his profession did not constitute a barrier to his appointment. Dr. Carlile was succeeded in Mary's Abbey by the Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, a minister universally esteemed for his Christian character, his Catholic spirit, and his readiness to co-operate in every good work. His colleague is the Rev. John Hall, one of the ablest preachers and most influential ministers in the General Assembly. He is one of the most active members of the National Board of Education.

With the exception of the Presbyterians and the Wesleyans, Protestant dissent in Dublin may be regarded as all but extinct. In the early part of this century Church people crowded to hear popular preachers belonging to the Independent, Baptist, and Wesleyan denominations, because, as they said, they had not "the Gospel" in the parish churches, and they were repelled by the dull formality, carelessness, and deathlike coldness which reigned there. But as soon as extra-parochial churches were erected with popular ministers, preaching extemporaneously, they returned to the Church, and the Dissenting places of worship were gradually deserted. The Wesleyans, however, owing to their peculiar organization, kept their hold on the people to a large extent. The Presbyterians do not regard themselves as Dissenters, but as a branch of the Established Church of Scotland, planted in this country, which originally shared the tithes with the Episcopalians, and which has been all along recognised and endowed by the State, with the exception of a period of exclusion during the tyranny of the Stuarts, when their ministers were expelled, proscribed, and incarcerated even by such enlightened bishops as Jeremy Taylor. During the existence of the Penal Code, also, though not suffering like Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians were kept by the dominant sect in a position of humiliation and subordination, and were induced even to forego their rights and liberties to some extent, under the pretext that this was necessary in order to secure "the Protestant succession" in England, and "the Protestant interest" in Ireland. The spirit of submission and the habit of subservieny to the ascendant oligarchy of Churchmen, which monopolized all the powers and privileges of the State, have continued with some mitigation to our own time. The relation of Nonconformist churches to the Establishment in this country, politically considered, was like that of skiffs following in the wake of a man-of-war. They never dared to take any independent political action.

The Presbyterians, though in Ulster they far outnumber the Episcopalians, have not a single representative in the present Parliament. Several gentlemen of position and mark among them offered themselves as candidates, but their own people voted against them in favour of Churchmen and Tories belonging to the great aristocratic families founded by Presbyterians. In Dublin it was deemed a monstrous thing for a Presbyterian or Protestant Dissenter to vote for a Liberal candidate. But the spell was broken at the last election, when Presbyterians joined with Roman Catholics and Liberal Churchmen in returning a Quaker, Mr. Jonathan Pim. And they also voted for the Hon. Captain White, the unsuccessful Liberal candidate for the county. There was one magic word which prevented all Liberal manifestations among the Protestants in Dublin and Ulster—Popery, Popery, Popery! The Pope was the perpetual bugbear—a great devouring "beast," which threatened to swallow up all our institutions, not excepting the Throne, and to gulp down first of all the Irish Protestant Establishment, which would render the rest an easy prey.

* Mrs. Magee, the widow of a Presbyterian clergyman, had attached herself to the Established Church, till Mr. Dill devoted himself to her spiritual good. The result was that she built him a church, and gave £40,000 to Presbyterian missions, and £20,000 or £30,000 more for a Presbyterian College at Londonderry, called the Magee College, with a handsome sum for the residuary legatees, Mr. Dill and Mr. S. M. Greer. The money was left her by a brother.

FINE ARTS.

AN INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

If anything more were wanting to point out the influence of "the commercial element" in the republic of art, it may be found in this latest speculation of a few enthusiastic amateurs with very enlarged views, headed by Lord Ranelagh. A company (of course with limited liability) has been formed, not simply for collecting pictures from artists of all nations, but with the view (in prospective) of establishing museums and a grand school, or perhaps even schools of art, and the publishing of great illustrated works of every kind connected with the fine arts. All this under one roof, presided over by Lord Ranelagh, conveys an idea of such a millennium for the artists of the world, and for us less gifted mortals whose happiness it is now to feast upon their works, as had before never been contemplated as possible. South Kensington, with its great national gallery of science and art, the first foundation-stone of which is so soon to be laid with all the weight of Royal favour and official power, will thus have to meet a rival combination strong in the power of joint-stock association, whatever may turn out to be the artistic energies of such an institution. But, glancing seriously at the prospectus of the company, before we notice the small collection of pictures exhibited as an earnest of what is to come, we observe that the scheme starts upon the principle of "co-operation." After referring to the success of the 1851 Exhibition, but oddly enough without distinguishing that of 1862, in which, for the first time, art was allowed a position of prime importance, we are told that "it is from the frequent bringing together of the works of different schools, and their study, that we must look for the greatest advancement in the fine arts, for art, it can truly be said, knows no frontier. The International Society is founded to promote these results, and, by the union and co-operation of artists of all nations, to give new life to the fine arts by bringing to light works of grandeur, and at the same time insuring to the artist an independent existence more worthy of himself and of the social position to which his genius entitles him." This sounds a little Utopian, but we may forgive "tall talking" if the works of grandeur can be brought to light by such a co-operation and union of the talents—a result we desiderate quite as cordially as the shareholders. As to the social position of genius, that, we imagine, in these days is very rarely indeed other than it merits; public taste and public wealth lean very decidedly towards art, and it would be infinitely more difficult to find a man of genius starving in a garret than one who was overburdened with patronage. However, there may be foreign artists of genius whose works are never seen in our exhibitions, although so much has been done by Mr. Gambart in this direction, and if this international society succeed, as we hope they may, in collecting pictures from all the world, no doubt it would be just so much the better for the interest of the artists, and the public would be gratified proportionably. At the same time, all experience goes to convince us that art has nothing of the co-operative nature in its relations. A thousand pictures contributed by as many painters of all nations, merely for the purpose of selling them, would not advance art one iota. If artists can be brought to unite with a company in keeping up an exhibition of the kind now commenced, it will be something quite new. Such are the squabbles that arise from hanging the pictures in the right or the wrong light that it is found difficult enough to preserve the harmony of the regular societies; and we have seen in the gradual falling off in the exhibition of the British Institution how arduous a task it is to retain the higher ranks of artists if they have no actual power or interest in supporting the honour of an exhibition. That any respectable body of gentlemen, like those whose names are attached to the prospectus of this company, would be able, with some exertion, to collect a large number of pictures of ordinary merit, by artists of corresponding pretensions, is what might be expected; and the present small collection with which the society has opened may be said to promise very fairly for the larger exhibition intended to be established. But we shall be agreeably surprised to find that the artists of celebrity, from whose works alone a satisfactory judgment can be derived as to the condition of art in a country, contribute their pictures to this international exhibition.

The society have been fortunate in obtaining an example of M. Gallait's great talent in portraiture; this alone would give considerable interest to the exhibition, whoever might be the personage represented. The portrait, however, is one of the most well-known political members of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, M. Dumortier, to whom it was presented by public subscription for his long services. M. Dumortier was, we believe, in early life, a prominent actor in the revolution which placed the late King on the throne, and the respect for his character must be great, since he has gradually become a high Tory and a strong Ultramontanist. He was one of the two members who refused to sign the treaty for the annexation to Holland of Limburg and Luxemburg. M. Gallait, who is our oldest friend, has evidently painted with an intimate perception of the character and disposition of his subject. The expression of the countenance is precisely of that astute and half-suspicious look of the experienced public man, though without anything sinister, and a fine air of dignity and integrity is given to the figure, although the painter found nothing in his sitter but a very plain looking and rather dyspeptic old gentleman. That M. Gallait should have conferred such living thought upon his picture is the triumph of his art, and it confirms what has so often

been said of portraiture—that it demands the very highest artistic powers. This is the one work of first-rate excellence in the exhibition, and, acceptable as it is, it affords by no means so good an idea of the painter's power as some of those historical subjects by him which, from time to time, have been seen at the French Gallery.

Most of the pictures are by Belgian artists. Out of eighty-four works they exhibit fifty-nine, and twelve are by Dutch painters. Of the rest nine are French, three Italian, and one English—a frame of specimens of heliolithography, by W. Toovey. So that at present the collection represents but very inadequately the different schools; and although the Belgian and Dutch painters predominate so much, it would not be fair to take our estimate of the painters of either of these countries from the pictures we see here. As to the French and Italian pictures, they are far inferior to many that have been exhibited at the French Gallery and at the Academy for several years past.

Nothing is more marked as a general feature in these modern Dutch and Belgian pictures, than their resemblance in style to the old masters of the Dutch school. But this resemblance is unfortunately without the refinement and delicacy of colouring and light and shade which form the great beauty of masters like Ostade, Teniers, and the two Mieris. There is an interior (32) by M. Van Hove, with figures by M. Pierre Knarren, which might almost be a reproduction of a picture of the old school, except that it lacks precisely those subtle qualities referred to. The modern artist has become an imitator, and just in proportion to this is he deficient in feeling for all the beauty of the old master whom he takes as his model. His colouring is opaque and heavy, and his treatment of light and shade shows none of the feeling for beauty of this kind, which throws such a charm over the commonest interiors. The direct imitation of objects is close enough, as we see in the painting of the embossed leather on the walls in M. Van Hove's picture, or in the table-cover of a picture (40) by M. Willems, a Belgian artist, which is an exact imitation of those we know so well in the pictures by W. Mieris. This picture, however, is imitative in another sense, for in style and subject it is borrowed from the popular and very pretty sentimental pictures of M. Alfred Stevens, the well known painter of the Belgian school. If we turn to a different class of subjects, we find again the most complete imitation of the works of the old Dutch master, Vander Heyden, in M. C. Springer's "Hotel de Ville and Market Place of Naarden." Here, too, the modern artist misses the airy sunlight of the old painter, although he is quite as expert in laying on every course of brickwork in the walls of his Hotel de Ville. On a large scale the same method is to be remarked in the pictures of "The King's Bridge, Prague" (26), by Francois Stroobant, and those by M. J. B. Van Moer, both of the Belgian school, in which the whole effect is made to depend on correct drawing of the objects, precise local colour, and a sort of violent not to say gross realistic treatment. Now in the works of both these painters we are ready to recognise very considerable originality and artistic talent, but neither artist appeals to the poetic sense. No one, we imagine, when he stands on the rialto, begins to count the arches in the magnificent palace of the Doges, or wishes to know how many stones form the arches of the bridge of Prague; yet this is what these artists almost compel one to do by their obstinate adherence to a method of representation so grossly real. To be true in this way is positively the most untrue. M. Van Moer is, we are told, a young and a self-taught artist; his "View of Venice" is singularly precise in all the architectural forms and the perspective, infinitely more so than many of Turner's pictures, yet the picture is so prosaic that it is impossible to feel any interest in it except for the skill of the work. Even the scene-painting of Canaletto touches one more than these very real productions. In another work by M. Van Moer, "The Chapel of San Zeno in St. Mark's, Venice" (33), the bronze effigy and the fine sculptured group by Sansovino are literally modelled in paint. Where the light falls upon the stone work, the painter has trowelled the colour on to his canvas, and thus all illusion is destroyed. M. Van Moer has a water-colour sketch of the atrio of San Marco, Venice, which satisfies us that he has real power, and this only makes it the more mortifying that an artist of evident capacity should have adopted so vicious a method. Perhaps the influence of M. Henri Leys may have something to do with this, for it will be remembered that he renounces all transparency of tone, as well as many other of the illusive artifices of the palette, which in other hands afford us so much delight. This method applied to anything approaching portraiture becomes absolutely ridiculous. There is a picture by M. Alma Tadema, a Dutch artist, representing Cicero writing in his study, painted in this hard manner, which is most curious. He is seated, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet pallium, at a small bronze table with writings unrolled before him; but the figure is so wanting in relief that he appears to be flattened against the wall, and a very deep shadow at the side of the head fails to aid in removing this impression. The shelves upon which he leans a hand are filled with the *scrinia*, or round cases for holding the rolls of paper, which are so solid and real that they effectually send Cicero into the wall, and thus the whole painting has the appearance of a very glaring mosaic, especially as the floor is absolutely formed of tesserae of paint. "Catullus and Lesbia," a small work by M. J. Stallaert, appears to be treated more in the manner of some of the French painters who affect these modern antiques, but it is hung too high to be pronounced upon as to its merits.

A picture called "Roma," by M. Eugène Smits, is apparently a study for a larger work; it is a long narrow canvas, filled with

figures, though without much regard for composition—such as might be seen in the afternoon at Rome, when fashionable people are on their way for the walk or drive on the Pincian. The place is at the top of the steps leading into the Piazza di Spagna, in front of the Church of Trinita dei Monti, where whole families of model Contadini and beggars waylay the rich English—and this is the scene the artist has sought to paint. It is amusing to see how our countrymen and women are either holding their noses in the air or scattering their money, as we are supposed to do abroad, but beyond this it is difficult to find much in the picture worth notice. It is, technically speaking, very feeble, and full of the worst faults of bad colour so common in the French and Italian artists. The picture of a lady of Smyrna, by Signor Cesare Dell'Acqua, is the only work of Italian art in the collection, and it is satisfactory to be able to say that in many respects it is worthy of the school, though not pretending to any importance. The head is especially well painted, rich in colour and characteristic; but the dress is not in keeping with it, and offends the eye with its coarseness.

In landscape, there is a painting by an Italian, Signor Mancini, of Milan, which, however, is not remarkable; and two or three others of some merit by M. Francia, more especially the view of the Lagoon, Venice, and the sea pieces in the manner of Van Goyen somewhat, by M. P. J. Clays; but these and the large heath view in Gueldres, by M. Hanedoes, and we may add those by M. Tschanner, cannot be compared with the English standard of landscape.

On the whole, however, we are not disposed to be too severe upon the exhibition. As a beginning, it is not bad, and the promoters appear determined to improve, so that we may hope to have the opportunity of measuring our artists against foreign painters of the higher rank. But the grand obstacle to be got over is the impression that the exhibition represents so many commodities to pay so much per cent., and not the offerings of the artists in emulation of one another at the shrine of Art.

MUSIC.

THE programme of the Royal Italian Opera, issued shortly after that of Her Majesty's Theatre (a summary of which we gave last week), commences by stating that the establishment is not, as it was rumoured, to be transferred to a public company, but will remain, as heretofore, under the proprietorship of Mr. Gye. The prospectus of the forthcoming season contains a list of singers forming a company of exceptional strength and excellence, with a *répertoire* of unusual variety and interest. *Mdlles.* Adelina Patti, Artot, Pauline Lucca, and Fricci will again appear; and *Madame* Lemmens-Sherrington will be added to the list of sopranos, which will be still further strengthened by the first appearance on the stage here of *Mdlle.* Carlotta Patti, whose peculiar style of brilliant execution has exercised a powerful attraction at the Promenade Concerts at this house. In addition to these celebrities, no less than six ladies, hitherto unknown in England, are to make their first appearance here. In *Madame* Vilda (from the Berlin Opera) it is no doubt hoped to find a substitute for *Madame* Grisi in lyric tragedy, as the new comer is to appear as *Norma* and as *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni"; while *Mdlle.* Orgeni (also from Berlin) is destined for the less dignified serious opera, being cast for *Violetta* in "La Traviata." *Mdlle.* Fanny Deconei (from Hanover), who is to be the leading contralto, will make her first appearance as *Fides* in the "Prophète." *Signori* Mario, Naudin, Graziani, Ronconi, Attri, M. Faure, and Herr Schmid will again be the principal tenors, baritones, and basses, supported by subordinate artists, some of whom would rank as principals in many operatic establishments of good standing. A new tenor, Signor Nicolini (from the Paris Italian Opera), is announced for "Fra Diavolo," a work which was promised last season, with Signor Mario as the brigand chief. "Fra Diavolo," with Pauline Lucca as Zerlina, and Ronconi as Lord Kobourg (the Lord Allcash of the English version of the opera), will doubtless prove one of the great attractions of the season. Of positive novelties, we are promised Ricci's comic opera "Crispino e la Comare"—a work which has recently appeared with success at the Italian Opera of Paris. Of a very opposite character is Donizetti's serious opera, "Don Sebastian," which is to be performed for the first time in England. This work, originally produced at Paris in 1844, and "Catarina Cornaro," brought out at Naples in the same year, were Donizetti's last productions. "Don Sebastian" was composed in the short space of two months, being one of many instances of its composer's rapid facility. The libretto, by Scribe, gives good scope for that elaborate stage splendour in which the Royal Italian Opera has no rival. For the incidental ballet, which forms so frequent and important a feature in modern grand operas, three new dancers are engaged—*Mdlles.* Urban, Dor, and Elvira Salvioni, the latter, we presume, a sister of the graceful dancer of the same name hitherto engaged at this establishment. With all these novelties and attractions, and Mr. Costa as conductor, Mr. Beverley as scenic artist, and Mr. A. Harris as stage manager, there is every prospect of a brilliant season for the Royal Italian Opera, the first performance of which is advertised for Tuesday week, the opera being "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Although not containing a single novelty, the following programme of the Second Philharmonic Concert (which took place on Monday last) is of solid and varied interest:—

PART I.

Symphony, Letter Q	Haydn.
Scena, Miss Louisa Pyne—"Infelice"	Mendelssohn.

Concerto in E flat, Mr. W. G. Cusins Beethoven.
Aria, Miss Louisa Pyne—"Bel raggio" (Semi-ramide) Rossini.
Concerto in A, Herr Joachim Viotti.

PART II.

Symphony in A major Mendelssohn.
Ballata, Miss Louisa Pyne, "Quando lasciai la Normandia" (Roberto il Diavolo) Meyerbeer.
Overture (Masaniello) Auber.

The two symphonies were admirably contrasted; the clear, regular rhythm and symmetrical construction of the earlier specimen being a good example of that period in symphonic art when well-balanced proportion, in form and detail, was all essential; as the modern work of Mendelssohn offered a favourable specimen of the later development of the romantic and picturesque qualities in music which, like landscape-painting in pictorial art, are of comparatively recent birth. The greatest of all pianoforte concertos found an excellent interpreter in Mr. Cusins, whose execution was, throughout, of a very high order. Clear certainty of finger, finished rounding off of the passages, and variety of rhythm without affectation, are high merits, all of which may be assigned to Mr. Cusins, whose task was all the more arduous, and whose success was all the more valuable, from the previous announcement of Madame Schumann's performance of the same concerto—the non-fulfilment of which promise is owing, we believe, to that lady's after-determination not to visit London this season. Herr Joachim's performance of Viotti's concerto was such as could be heard from no other living violinist—and this without any disparagement to the many fine solo players now before the public. Such masterly execution, vigorous, yet not exaggerated accentuation, grandeur of tone, and perfect intonation—even of the most difficult passages of "double stops"—were seldom, if ever, combined in one player. The music, too, with its clear and melodious phrasing and old-fashioned vigour, was welcome after the meretricious pieces of inflation which some modern violinists are in the habit of composing for their own performances. Mendelssohn's scena is one of his least successful efforts; it bears traces of forced labour, which are very unusual with a composer whose music generally seems the product of the spontaneous impulses of genius. It was effectively sung; as was also Rossini's brilliant aria—the latter a little overlaid with ornament. With many fine players, and all the materials for an excellent orchestra, the band has yet to be drilled into the refinements of performance. Little, if any, fault can be found with the wind band, which is, generally, excellent; but the stringed instruments have a coarse mode of "attack," and a disinclination for "pianos," that Professor Bennett, the conductor, should labour hard to remedy.

The Drury Lane opera is still announced to open on April 3rd, while the advertisements continue, daily, to invite the same number of—"Ten subscribers of £1,000 each, or twenty of £500."

A series of operatic performances in English is also announced to commence at Astley's Theatre on Easter Monday with an adaptation of "Der Freyschütz."

The Abbé Liszt's new mass was performed last week at the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, with little effect, however, according to local reports. More interest seems to have been created on the occasion by the composer's performances on the organ.

Verdi is said to be busy completing his opera of "Don Carlos," for production in Paris next year.

SCIENCE.

An important chemical memoir has recently been presented to the French Academy upon the "Analysis of the Water of the Red Sea," by MM. Robinet and J. Lefort. These observers, who do not think that the generally-adopted theories concerning the salinity of sea-waters are correct, examined the water of the Red Sea in order to compare its composition with that of the Mediterranean. A little of the water of the former they found gave, after evaporation, 43.38 grammes of mineral fixed residue, and had a density represented by 1.0306. These figures are higher than those given by the water of the Mediterranean; but this, say those chemists, is not so much to be wondered at when the physical conditions of the Red Sea are borne in mind. The Red Sea is situated in a country where there is little rain to compensate for the evaporation produced by a high temperature (never below 32 centigrade), and where the rivers are few and unimportant. Still it should be remembered that the salinity of the Red Sea is below that of the Sea of Galilee. Its analysis is as follows:—

Chloride of Sodium	30.30	grammes
Chloride of Potassium	2.88	"
Chloride of Magnesium	4.04	"
Bromide of Sodium	0.06435	"
Sulphate of Lime	1.79	"
Sulphate of Magnesia	2.74	"
Carbonate of Soda and Chloride of Ammonium	traces.	
	41.81435	

In an essay upon the physiological history of shrubs M. Arthur, after entering upon an account of his numerous investigations states the following conclusions:—1. That the nutritive substances

of the plant occupies the starchy tissues of the trunk during the greater part of the year. 2. That the time during which these tissues are devoid of them (nutritive principles), is of very short duration, and should be measured by days rather than months. 3. That the starch which is developed during the summer undergoes no change while the fruit is ripening. 4. That there are only two great processes connected with the nutritive matter of trees—the formation of these matters during the summer, and their resorption in the spring.

A serious controversy is still being waged in France upon the subject of the relative values of chloroform and ether as anæsthetics. It appears from the numerous papers published in the scientific journals, and read before the French Academy, that the advocates of ether have the best of it. In a late number of the *Comptes Rendus* there is an article upon the point by M. Buisson, who contends, with much show of reason, that when good ether is employed by those who understand how to use it, it is more certain in its action and less dangerous in its results than chloroform. This physician asserts that "with ether of the strength of 62 degrees, we have generally produced sleep and insensibility in from four to seven minutes; eight to ten minutes have been rare exceptions. The sleep thus obtained is a deep one, and we have often prolonged it for more than an hour without the least inconvenience." M. Buisson enters into details to show that several ordinarily extremely painful operations were very satisfactorily performed by him on patients who were under the influence of ether; in these cases no pain was complained of during the operation.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Royal Geographical Society, at 8½ p.m. "Observations on some Recent Travels in the Countries between Kashmir and the Russian Frontier," by Sir H. C. Rawlinson, K.C.B., M.P.—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Discussion upon Mr. Williams's Paper "On the Maintenance and Renewal of Permanent Way."

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE JOINT-STOCK DISCOUNT COMPANY.

WHEN the shareholders of this Company assembled last week to consider a resolution for the winding-up of the speculation, the speakers were again and again interrupted, whenever some fact of mismanagement particularly disgraceful was mentioned, with a cry of "The Old Bailey!" In this cry all other expressions of dissatisfaction found their culminating point, and though it found utterance in a meeting unusually excited, we cannot, as we read the report of the day's proceedings without any personal interest in them but that interest only which we all have in seeing misconduct punished, help saying that the Old Bailey, and the Old Bailey alone, seems the proper place for the settlement of the charges which were brought against the management of the Company.

It is now rather more than two years since the Joint-Stock Discount Company was established to take over the business of Mr. Wilkinson, a bill-broker, with a nominal capital of £2,000,000, in 80,000 shares of £25 each, on which, at the time of forming the Company, only £5 was paid. In January, 1865, a call was made for another £5, on the plea of temporary difficulty caused by the stoppage of the Leeds Banking Company; and the total paid-up capital thus became £800,000. This call, however, was, according to the directors, to put the Company in a condition of undoubted strength. In January of the present year, however, the state of the Company had so little improved that a further call of £5 was declared to be necessary, in consequence, as the Report stated, of securities being locked up in a railway concern. Shareholders began to be uneasy, and it was certainly strange that what Mr. Wilkinson calls his "flourishing business" should, after requiring new blood to the extent of £400,000 on the 1st of January, 1865, require another infusion to the same amount on the 1st of January, 1866. It was at least a case for inquiry. Accordingly a Committee of Investigation was appointed which presently recommended the nomination of a new board and a new manager in the place of Mr. Wilkinson, who appears not to have managed the business for the Company by any means so prudently as he had previously managed it for himself. A new board was appointed, and in a short time the actual condition of the Company was ascertained: from which it became necessary first to solicit the forbearance of creditors, next to make a call of £5, and finally to take steps towards facilitating a voluntary winding-up. Thus in little more than two years Mr. Wilkinson's "flourishing business," with Mr. Wilkinson still for its manager, came to a disastrous termination. Against direct and indirect liabilities amounting to £3,892,000, Messrs. Quilter & Ball find that there are "nominal" assets, in which is to be reckoned unpaid capital, to the extent of £4,851,000, showing a paper surplus of

£959,000, or £159,000 in excess of the paid-up capital. But what comfort the shareholders can derive from this surplus will at once be understood when we repeat the statement made at last week's meeting that bills held by the Company to the amount of £300,000 are worth something less than the magnificent sum of £5, and that advances made to the extent of £284,000 to a single individual, principally since the commencement of the present year, are met by securities of the still more astonishing value of something less than twopence-halfpenny.

The management of the Joint-Stock Discount Company, if not entitled to the proud position of being the greatest blunder ever perpetrated in the history of joint-stock enterprise, can at least claim to stand upon a footing of equality with the most disastrous of its predecessors. As we read the report of the general meeting it seemed as if the days of Innes Cameron and Colonel Waugh had come back to us, without the piety of the one or the fashionable *entourage* of the other. As yet, indeed, it is not possible distinctly to bring home the blame of the disgraceful transactions of the Discount Company to individuals. We know only for a certainty that it lies between the old board of directors and Mr. Wilkinson, their manager. In little more than two years they have lost nearly a million of money in hard cash, besides involving the shareholders to the extent above indicated. But it is really unnecessary to attempt to apportion the blame. Before the shareholders and the world the acts of Mr. Wilkinson were the acts of the directors, and though it may be true, as Mr. Galsworthy, a member of the Committee of Investigation, says, that the directors were no more than "babies" in their manager's hands, that will go very little way towards their exculpation. If they were incapable from want of knowledge, it was disreputable in them to undertake a trust they were incompetent to discharge; and incapacity is the only shadow of apology which men in their position can offer, except perhaps a fatuous confidence in Mr. Wilkinson's discretion. We take it then that whatever guilt there has been in this matter is theirs as well as his, and his as well as theirs; and we also take it that financial operations so wild and indefensible as they stand charged withal, could not have been committed by rational men acting in a spirit of justice and honesty. It would appear from the statement of Mr. Galsworthy, that almost from the very commencement of the Company the directors and their manager entered upon a system of the most reckless advances. They had hardly made the call of £5 in January, 1865, to extricate them from the difficulties of one large operation, than they involved themselves in another to the extent of about a quarter of a million. There was a concern called the Contract Corporation. It was formed to take over the business of Watson & Co., with a nominal capital of £2,000,000, in shares of £100 each, which with £10 paid, are now totally unsaleable, even at any bonus the holders may be willing to offer in order to get rid of them. To this company the directors and Mr. Wilkinson advanced £200,000, and they followed up this step by giving large guarantees for the same firm of Watson & Co., which has since failed. With this fact for a sample of the transactions of the Company, it could not have taken the new board of directors long to come to the decision that "the concern was completely rotten." Captain Johns, one of them, states that the first day he went to the Company's office, he thought it his duty first to ascertain from Mr. Wilkinson the liability of the day. "Oh," said Mr. Wilkinson, throwing back his coat, "the liability to-day is £40,000." He then asked, "What may it be to-morrow, Mr. Wilkinson?" The answer was, "About £70,000 to-morrow." Again he inquired, "And what will be the liability to meet the next day?" Mr. Wilkinson replied, "Oh, I think the next day it must be about £60,000." He then very naturally asked Mr. Wilkinson this question, "What have you got in your coffers to meet all these liabilities?" Mr. Wilkinson replied, "Well, really—a—I—a—hardly know; but there are some bills there, I believe." "But, Mr. Wilkinson," he asked, "can you get any advances on these bills—are they good paper?" "No," said Mr. Wilkinson, "I am afraid not—I think the old board melted all that was possible of being melted before this." Again he put the question to Mr. Wilkinson, "What else besides these bills have you got?" The answer was, "Oh, we have got certain railway securities." He (Mr. Johns) looked through the list of these splendid securities, and at once picked out a certain security upon which a "temporary" advance of £20,000 had been made. The shareholders might, in short, judge of the state of affairs when the new board took office by this fact, that the balance to the credit of the Company at their banker's amounted to the magnificent sum of £2,000. Why, it is matter for surprise that they had even so much; for

it seems that it was the practice to leave cheque-books, signed by one director, in the hands of the manager, who could thus use them as he pleased, no other signature but his own being required to make them negotiable. We take the statement of this fact as we find it. It was made by Captain Johns, and if it is true it renders possible the truth of another statement which we receive from the same quarter, to the effect—that during a period of eleven weeks, commencing from the 1st of January last, Mr. Wilkinson made advances to a single individual, who already owed the Company £30,000, to the extent of £254,000; thus increasing his indebtedness to £284,000. This is the debt above alluded to, for which Captain Johns says the Company holds security not worth twopence-halfpenny! Another of the new directors, at the late meeting of the shareholders, pointed out the fact that in the balance-sheet of the Company there are four parties named who owe the Company one million and a quarter sterling, while the name of one person who owes £70,000 has been kept out of the balance-sheet, and his indebtedness mixed up with a large item of £189,000, with regard to which it seems to be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain what person or what number of persons is debtor or debtors to the Company. But even this, bad and astounding as it is, is not all. Captain Johns asserts—and with the concurrence of testimony with regard to other accusations against the directors and their manager, we are not inclined strongly to disbelieve anything—that in a large amount of securities on which advances have been made, it was found that, when the securities came to be examined, a considerable proportion were missing, and that others had been substituted which were worthless. All the information the new directors could obtain upon this matter, which involved an amount of some £300,000, was that the missing securities had been taken away by the authority of Mr. Wilkinson.

It is possible that some of the charges made against the directors and Mr. Wilkinson may not be capable of complete proof; it is possible that some of them may, upon more accurate scrutiny, be modified; it is possible that upon that compulsory winding-up which Lord Romilly has ordered, new charges may be made; and it is also possible that those which have already been made may turn out to be a vast deal worse in reality than they were said to be at last week's meeting. But nothing can blot out this fact, that, up to the date of its transfer to the Joint-Stock Discount Company, Mr. Wilkinson's business was—at least, in his letter to the *Times*, he says it was—"a flourishing business," and that, between that date and the present time it has, under his management and that of the board of directors, become involved in vast and irretrievable ruin. Clergymen, women, and others who have lost their all in its monstrous collapse, have written to the new board of directors, no doubt, to ask whether it is really true that the little provision they had put by for themselves is irrevocably gone, swallowed up in the devouring jaws of bankruptcy. A case is narrated by Captain Johns of a young man whose father died lately, leaving his son a thousand shares in the Company, upon which, of course, he had paid up at least £10 per share, in all £10,000. "That young man," said Captain Johns, "was now totally ruined." Well, but the case of a young man, even though he has lost a moderate fortune, bad as it is, is trifling in comparison with that of the aged curate, or the elderly spinster, or the widow and orphans, who have been beggared by Mr. Wilkinson's "flourishing business." A young man has his youth at his back, and he must be a very extraordinary young man if he cannot turn youth and strength to some profitable account. We do not say that he is a fair victim on that account; but we say that if the gross mismanagement which has swept his £10,000 out of his pocket and has beggared him, is an offence which ought to be punished, it is in the case of the aged clergyman, and in the case of the widow, such an offence as only needs proof of iniquity of purpose to render it a crime of the very deepest dye. As yet we cannot say whether the mismanagement of the Joint-Stock Discount Company will bear this character. It may be that in spite of appearances those immediately concerned in it may be able to show that they have only been infamously negligent and not infamously guilty. But if what as yet we have only the right to characterize as wild and reckless mismanagement, blindfold rushing into responsibilities, and insane indifference to consequences, should appear upon investigation to bear the imputation of conscious mismanagement, we trust that an earnest effort will be made to give effect to the cry so frequently and heartily raised at the late meeting, and which denoted with unmistakable distinctness that the acts of the directors and their manager are more fitted for investigation at the Old Bailey than before the Court of Chancery.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE PRESENT STATE OF TURKEY.*

WHEN Walpole, fifty years ago, wrote his dissertation on the Ottoman Empire, that country had reached the lowest point of poverty and ignorance, though Mahmoud had projected and initiated many of those reforms which have since imparted a new life to Turkey. The aggregate of population may be regarded as a good criterion by which to judge of the excellence or defects of a Government: if it be on the increase, it is plain that the institutions affect the people for good, encourage industry, and provide, at least to some extent, for the security of property. Now it is a fact which appears to have escaped Mr. Farley, that about the beginning of the reign of Mahmoud the population of the Turkish Empire in Europe, Asia, and Africa did not exceed twenty-five millions, whereas it is now upwards of forty millions—a decisive proof that great improvements have been made in the institutions and laws of the Ottomans. Mr. Farley's book affords numerous illustrations of the reforms that have taken place, in the increased energy of the people, in their enterprise and activity, and in their attachment to their native land, which a few years ago they defended bravely against one of the most unprincipled invaders of whose crimes we possess any record. It is a common practice with many who write on Turkey, and often date their lucubrations from Constantinople, to decry the Osmanlis, and maintain that they are dying out, that their Government is effete, and that they must consequently soon vanish from the political stage to make way for some other population. An increase of fifteen millions of people in fifty years may not be looked upon as anything very wonderful; but it is greater than the increase of population during the same period in France or Austria, or any other country, perhaps, save Great Britain and the United States. It forms, therefore, a satisfactory reply to those who affirm that Turkey is on the downward slope, since it proves the direct contrary. Still, we are aware that the territories of the Sultan, if cultivated and civilized, could easily support a population more than four times greater than that which they now contain. Take one of its most fertile provinces, Egypt, which once supported a population of seven millions, with twenty-two thousand towns and villages; its population is now reduced to about one million and three quarters, and a similar ratio of decrease may fairly be assumed for nearly all the rest of Turkey. For this, however, there is no cause in the climate or soil of the empire, which, except where deteriorated by human neglect, are in all respects as good as they ever were; the effect is to be attributed entirely to bad government, which not only dispeoples the earth, but reduces to the lowest state of wretchedness those whom it fails to destroy.

A great philosopher maintains that all crime is ignorance; and this, if true of the individual, is no less so of Governments, the members of which seem often to forget that they are only a committee chosen by the people to manage their affairs, and dismissable at pleasure. While they are in office, however, there is obviously nothing they like so much as to have the distribution of large sums of money, which they might always insure by encouraging the people to produce, and impressing on their minds the conviction that they will be allowed the full enjoyment of the wealth they create. There is scarcely any limit to the opulence of a nation acting under such a conviction, unless the rulers be unwise enough to take away too much of the people's earnings in revenue. In Turkey, it is well known, bad government long enjoyed a sort of monopoly, and was pushed almost as far as it could go, till at length the rulers began to apprehend something like utter extinction. This startled them, and they began to think of mending their ways. The Koran inculcates tolerance, and it was at length thought prudent to try and practise a little of what Mohammed preached. This led to the softening of the lot of the subjugated populations, who were instigated by the love of gain to apply themselves to industry and commerce as soon as the prospect opened up before them of enjoying in peace the fruits of their own labour. The Osmanlis themselves, chiefly devoted to agriculture, experienced the same hope, and with the same result; but so careless have the government been for ages, that scarcely any means existed of conveying to a profitable market the produce created by their exertions. We know that in India we ourselves were settled nearly a hundred years before we began to organize on a large scale a system of industrial civilization: canals, roads, bridges, railways, are things of comparatively recent date, though it is among the primary rules of government that to render a people industrious they must be provided with the means of transporting the merchandise they create by their industry from one part of the country to another, and to ports on the seaboard. Not many years ago, there was a famine in one part of the Deccan, while, at the distance of one hundred and sixty miles, warehouses were bursting with grain for which no sale could be obtained. Several large rivers lay between the famine and the corn, with a country so rugged and mountainous as to be almost impassable without artificial roads, of which not one existed. It is much the same in many parts of the Turkish empire. Egypt, indeed, has been provided by Nature with a road such as few countries possess—we mean the Nile—which enables the natives at a trifling cost to convey their produce from the Tropics

to the Mediterranean. Yet the possession of this advantage has been neutralized by bad government, which produces the same disastrous consequences in Asia Minor and elsewhere. Praiseworthy efforts have been made by the last three Sultans to remedy this state of things, and by the increase in the population it will be seen that their exertions have not been fruitless. Still, it will be easy to understand how the efforts made by the Porte may, and must, fail to bring about the changes it meditates all at once. Turkish statesmen and politicians require an education to enable them to understand that justice and equity are desirable as mere instruments of government to stimulate productions, and, by enriching the cultivators, to enrich at the same time the governors of the land. But a system which took five hundred years to spring up and degenerate cannot be laid aside like an old turban, but must be encroached upon here a little, and there a little, till a new order of things is bit by bit substituted for it.

Mr. Farley has been at great pains to inform himself on the real condition of the Turkish people, and he believes that they are on the high road to civilization, though it will demand much wisdom on the part of the rulers, and equal docility on the part of the ruled, to bring about the wished-for result. It is well known that the Romans never looked upon a country as belonging to the empire till it had been intersected by great roads, portions of which still remain scattered all over Europe, to attest at once their sagacity and their power. It is true that these roads were primarily intended to facilitate the march of the legions; but what would accommodate an army would likewise accommodate the merchant and the traveller; so that after the eagles had flocked by and disappeared, the waggon, the packhorse, and the mule, took their place, and conveyed daily and hourly the spices and silks of the East to the basin of the Mediterranean, and the arms and hardware of Europe to the East. The Turkish Government is beginning to be awakened to the necessity of doing likewise, though it may be on a smaller scale. Everywhere in its dominions the elements of wealth abound—corn, wine, oil, cattle, horses, gold, silver, coal, and a thousand other articles, which would find a ready market in the West, if means existed for conveying them to the coast. There is no reason why Turkey should not become the granary of Europe, as Egypt and Sicily were the granaries of Rome. The plains of Asia Minor would, if properly cultivated, rival those of North America, while their vicinity to several profitable markets would give them an advantage over the New World. Cotton, coffee, and tobacco, of very superior quality, are supplied by Turkey; indeed, its coffee is by far the best in the world, since Yemen is, nominally at least, a Turkish province, and actually to some extent recognises the authority of the Porte. As it is highly probable that the relations of England with the Ottoman Empire will become more and more intimate every day, it is the interest of the English people generally to possess trustworthy information on its productions, government, and people, and this they will find in Mr. Farley's able work. It may not for some possess the fascination of a book of travels; but to those who are in search of useful knowledge it will be far more welcome than a lively narrative, with very few ideas underlying the language. Travels in Turkey are common enough, but are generally devoted to the picturesque, or to silly scandal about harems, displaying profound ignorance of the intellectual and moral state of the people, and, indeed, of human nature in general. The most civilized countries in Europe would cut but a sorry figure in the travels of an Oriental who should set up as their representatives the worst libertines by whom they are infested. Mr. Farley steers perfectly clear of this capital error, and his work may therefore be taken as a more faithful exponent of Turkish character than the flimsy exaggerations of flying or satirical tourists. From every page of his book we may draw reasons for putting confidence in his conclusions. He has really studied his subject—more, perhaps, in its actual condition than in its historical development. To take into consideration all the peculiarities of that wonderful assemblage of populations which constitutes what we denominate the Turkish nation, from the Yezidi, who, in blue shirt and black bonnet, is said to worship Satan in Sinjar, to the simple and austere Osmanli, who offers up his adoration to God alone, would be too much to expect from any single work, or, indeed, from any single author; but we may certainly accord to Mr. Farley the praise of having glanced, with knowledge, over the entire body of the Sultan's subjects, and given an unprejudiced account of them, as far as his limits would permit. Here and there a few references to the past might have been introduced with good effect. We are by no means among those who prefer dwelling on the wrecks of a bygone civilization, to the investigation of the means by which a new civilization may be introduced; yet we experience no little pleasure from meeting in a modern work allusions to what was achieved of old in the localities over which we are led. The names of Arbela, the Granicus, Sardis, Ephesus, Ilion, C  yster, and the M  ander, make the blood tingle when we find them in the midst of discussions on railways, canals, steam engines, and all the apparatus of our own civilization. What the inhabitants of that which is now the Ottoman Empire accomplished in past times, might, without the least pedantry, be mentioned by way of suggesting what men of the present day may perform. Contemplate the splendid fringe of cities by which Asia Minor was once beautified, from the termination of the Taurus range, round by the Troad, the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, all the way to Trebizond, under the cliffs of Caucasus, and you will easily be brought to entertain the persuasion that commerce and enterprise, if thoroughly awakened, may achieve something similar for the Sultan's territories. We are all familiar with railways, and

* Turkey. By J. Lewis Farley, Fellow of the Statistical Society of London, and Corresponding Member of the Institut   gyptien of Alexandria. Author of "The Resources of Turkey," "Two Years in Syria," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

some of us are acquainted with the modes of locomotion prevalent in the East: now, if we contrast the two methods of moving from place to place, we may be able to measure the strides made by Western nations in advance of the Orientals. Take your stand at the foot of the Haram-el-Kadab, or false pyramid, and look westwards; you see, perhaps, a string of more than a thousand camels laden with the produce of the interior of Africa, fastened to each other by halters, and moving at the rate of about two miles and a half an hour. There you have the type and measure of Turkish civilization. Then take your station in the Vale of Reading, and catch a glimpse, for it is all you can do, of an express train flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour, rocking the earth as it goes, and reaching its destination before the broad-footed ship of the desert can dispose of the chopped straw that hangs in the bag at its nose; and you have one of the measures of English civilization. There is no reason why the tents of the Kurds in Asia Minor may not be made witnesses of an express train, belching forth fire and smoke on the plains of Pontus or Cappadocia, and bearing the produce of Diarbekir and Armenia to the sea. Mr. Farley observes, however, justly enough, that railways are not the greatest want of the Turks, who ought first to have canals and great highways, which may usher in the iron lines. Still, a great trunk railway, carried through the heart of the empire, would soon lead to the construction of roads as feeders; or, rather, both should and would be created together, in order to facilitate the transport to the sea of whatever the industry of the people might create. In Syria, there is a splendid road from Beyrout to Damascus, and another is projected from Jaffa to Jerusalem; but the steam-engine has not yet made its appearance in the Valley of the Lebanon, or of the Jordan. In other parts of Turkey, railways are in progress—some actually at work; and, as the engine snorts along the valleys, it will awaken the followers of the Koran to a belief in many other things more germane to their actual condition and wants.

We again recommend Mr. Farley's work to all who are interested in the fortunes of Turkey, as an honest, intelligible, and able account of the actual state of that country.

MR. SWINBURNE ON BYRON.*

POETS have the privilege, denied to less inspired men, of expressing themselves in two fashions—that of verse, and that of prose. Few of our English poets have failed to show how well they could handle the coarser weapon when they pleased; and the prose writings of some are conspicuous for vigour and eloquence. Mr. Tennyson is almost alone in resolutely confining himself to the one mode of expression; though Keats might be mentioned as another case in point, if the shortness of his life allowed of his being cited as an example. Byron did little in this way, but he was not utterly silent, and his letters alone have made us familiar with his prose manner. With respect to most of our other great poets, we know very well how they uttered their thoughts in the less ambitious style of ordinary writing. Generally, they have not been content to succeed only in their special region, but have descended into the common arena, and won prizes there also. Mr. Swinburne, who has hitherto been known simply as a poet, seems to have been desirous of exercising his pen as a prose-writer too, and he has chosen Byron as the subject of an essay, brief, it is true, but long enough to give some idea of his powers as a critic. To "Moxon's Miniature Poets" he has added a selection from the writings of the author of "Don Juan"—a selection as satisfactory, perhaps, as any that could be made, but which is open, as Mr. Swinburne himself acknowledges, to the inevitable objection that no book of specimens can give an adequate impression of Byron's mind, either in its power or its weakness. We have on several previous occasions expressed our dissatisfaction with the principle of publishing fragments of great authors. The result is never agreeable, and in the case of Byron it is peculiarly unfortunate. Wordsworth will bear this treatment much better. Most of his best pieces are so short that they can be included entire; and everything that proceeded from his pen was wrought with so much care (whatever its faults in other respects may have been), and was so thorough an expression of the man's whole nature, that an anthology of his best small poems conveys almost as good an idea of the author as an entire collection of his writings. But the best productions of Byron were emphatically his longer works, and especially his "Don Juan." In the present volume, "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold" necessarily appear only in the form of extracts; but the greatest merit of both is in their totality—in the fulness of life that animates, moulds, and kindles them—and not in the beauty of detached passages, beautiful as some of these are. Mr. Swinburne's selection consists for the most part of fragments, or of short poems, many of which are of no great worth. It does, however, contain entire one poem of sufficient length to reveal Byron's genius in its splendour and might—the grand, terrible, fiery, scornful, half-just, and half-unjust "Vision of Judgment." This alone is sufficient to redeem the volume from the charge of being wholly unsatisfactory as an exhibition in miniature of the poet's genius. The passages from "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" are as well selected as, under the circumstances, they could be; but of course they give only a very poor notion of either production. They comprise many well known, and some less known, bits; but they have a broken look, which greatly diminishes our interest in

them. And we must warn the reader against supposing that this may be regarded as a "Family Byron." Perhaps such a thing is not possible; at any rate, Mr. Swinburne has not attempted it. His extracts from "Don Juan" show the passion of the work, as well as the wit and poetry.

Mr. Swinburne's critical preface contains a very fair and, in the main, a very correct estimate of Byron's genius. The essay is evidently the production of one who is himself a poet. The calmness of the judgment is sometimes prejudiced by the warmth of the writer's feelings; and the style is occasionally overloaded with metaphor, and loses the self-restraint of prose. Once or twice the writer is simply wild, extravagant, and false; as in the passage:—"From the beginning, he [Byron] had much to fight against; and three impediments hung about him at starting, the least of which would have weighed down a less strong man: youth, and genius, and an ancient name. In spite of all three, he made his way, and suffered for it." Does Mr. Swinburne mean to say that if Byron had had neither genius nor social position he would have "made his way" better? And what is the meaning of attributing as a special impediment to Byron the possession of youth? If it was an impediment to him, it is an impediment, at some time or other, to all of us, and he was therefore no worse off than the rest. Mr. Swinburne should be careful not to write things for the mere sake of being smart; and he should be equally on his guard against such over-wrought vituperation as the following:—"At the first chance given or taken, every obscure and obscene thing that lurks for pay or prey among the fouler shallows and thickets of literature, flew against him; every hound and every hireling lavished upon him the loathsome tribute of their abuse; all nameless creatures that nibble and prowl, upon whom the serpent's curse has fallen, to go upon his belly, and eat dust all the days of his life, assailed him with their foulest venom and their keenest fangs. . . . That Byron was able to disregard and to outlive the bark and the bite of such curs as these is small praise enough: the man who cannot do as much is destructible, and therefore contemptible." This style of writing would only have been excusable (we are speaking on intellectual grounds) in the heat of the conflict itself, which has now gone by for more than forty years; and even then it would have shown a mind deficient in balance and self-control. No doubt, Byron was venomously assailed by some of the critics of his time; but it should be remembered that he himself hit hard, if not at individuals until he was attacked, at principles which a large portion of Englishmen regarded with veneration. We are not disputing the right of Byron, or of any one, to criticise unfavourably the institutions of society; but when a man enters into a battle of that kind, conducted, as in Byron's case, with all the irritating sting of great satirical powers, it is not surprising that he should receive some vicious blows in return. It was, in fact, a fight in which both sides lost their temper. Byron's retort upon Southey, in "The Vision of Judgment," was certainly not wanting in the quintessence of bitterness: Mr. Swinburne himself says that it was in some respects unjust, though he oddly and paradoxically adds that "the excellence of the verses justifies their injustice." But it would be purposeless and unfair to rave against Byron at the present day as an obscene thing, a hound, a hireling, a cur, a nameless creature, and a snake going on his belly and eating dust, in consequence of the primal curse. We do not think that Southey's defection from the Liberal cause is capable of defence; and no doubt he and the other Tory gladiators of that day made free with the private characters of their opponents in a way that was quite unjustifiable. But, though this is even still a matter for grave and dignified rebuke, it is not a matter for angry declamation. The time has past when we need get into a passion over a battle long since fought out, and, in the main, ending in victory to the Liberal side.

We must object also to the morbid craving after effect exhibited in a passage in which Mr. Swinburne points out what he regards as the characteristics of the poetical dramas, "Heaven and Earth" and "Cain":—

"The poet who, above others, took delight in the sense of sounding storms and shaken waters could not but exult over the vision of deluge with all his strength and breadth of wing. Tempest, and rebellion, and the magnificence of anguish, were as the natural food and fire to kindle and sustain his indomitable and sleepless spirit. The godless martyrdom of rebels; the passion that cannot redeem; the Thebaid whose first hermit was Cain; the Calvary whose first martyr was Satan; these, time after time, allured and inspired him. Here for once this inner and fiery passion of thought found outer clothing and expression in the ruin of a world."

We suspect that it is from M. Victor Hugo, of whom he appears to be a great admirer, that Mr. Swinburne derives this high-flown style. "The Thebaid whose first hermit was Cain, the Calvary whose first martyr was Satan," is a piece of laboured antithesis very much after the manner of a good deal of the French novelist's unsatisfactory work on Shakespeare published about two years ago. It is also paradoxical to say of Byron that he often exhibited a "fretful and petulant appetite for applause," and yet that, "when his errors were gravest, he erred through humility, and not through pride." Surely it is mere toying with words to describe the disappointed vanity of an egotistical nature as an exhibition of humility. "Pride," says Mr. Swinburne, "would have sustained him far above the remarks and reviews of his day, the praise or dispraise of his hour." Of course, this is true in a certain sense of the word "pride;" but assuredly "humility" had nothing whatever to do with the poet's irritable self-esteem.

* A Selection from the Works of Lord Byron. Edited and Prefaced by Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Moxon and Co.

Setting aside these grounds of difference, however, we willingly acknowledge that in many passages Mr. Swinburne has indicated the leading qualities of Byron's genius in sentences at once truthful, eloquent, and subtle. In the contrast drawn between "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," and in the accompanying passage on Byron and Shelley, we hear the voice of a poet speaking of poets in a manner which they would themselves have appreciated had they lived to hear it:—

"Between 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' the same difference exists which a swimmer feels between lake-water and sea-water: the one is fluent, yielding, invariable; the other has in it a life and pulse, a sting and a swell, which touch and excite the nerves like fire or like music. Across the stanzas of 'Don Juan' we swim forward as over 'the broad backs of the sea;' they break and glitter, hiss and laugh, murmur and move, like waves that sound or that subside. There is in them a delicious resistance and elastic motion, which salt water has and fresh water has not. There is about them a wide wholesome air, full of vivid light and constant wind, which is only felt at sea. Life undulates and death palpitates in the splendid verse which resumes the evidence of a brave and clear-sighted man concerning life and death. Here, as at sea, there is enough and too much of fluctuation and intermission: the ripple flags and falls in loose and lazy lines; the foam flies wide of any mark, and the breakers collapse here and there in sudden ruin and violent failure. But the violence and weakness of the sea are preferable to the smooth, sound, and equable security of a lake: its buoyant and progressive impulse sustains and propels those who would sink through weariness in the flat and placid shallows. There are others whom it sickens, and others whom it chills; these will do well to steer inshore.

"It is natural, in writing of Byron to slide into remembrances of what is likest to his verse. His work and Shelley's, beyond that of all our other poets, recall or suggest the wide and high things of Nature; the large likeness of the elements; the immeasurable liberty and the stormy strength of waters and winds. . . . These two at least were not content to play with her skirts and paddle in her shallows. Their passion is perfect, a fierce and blind desire which exalts and impels their verse into the high places of emotion and expression. They feed upon Nature with a holy hunger, follow her with a divine lust, as of gods chasing the daughters of men. Wind and fire, the cadences of thunder and the clamours of the sea, gave to them no less of sensual pleasure than of spiritual sustenance. These things they desired as others desire music, or wine, or the beauty of women. This outward and indifferent nature of things, cruel in the eyes of all but her lovers, and even in theirs not loving, became as pliant to their grasp and embrace as any Clymene or Leucothea to Apollo's. To them the large motions and the remote beauties of space were tangible and familiar as flowers. Of this poetry, where description melts into passion and contemplation takes fire from delight, the highest sample is Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind.'"

In remarking on the absence in our elder poets (except occasionally in Shakespeare) of this passionate sympathy of the human nature with external nature, Mr. Swinburne, we think, hardly unfolds the true cause. The difference is traceable to a difference of faith. Our older poets were brought up in the traditions and the sentiment of Christianity: Shelley and Byron were Pantheists; the former avowedly so—the latter by a habit of mind which perhaps he scarcely recognised in himself, but which was none the less powerful. To the elder poets, as Christians, the material universe was a something apart from God—in some respects antagonistic to God; and therefore to be regarded coldly, distantly, distrustfully, or at the best with only a secondary interest. To the Pantheistic minds of Shelley and Byron, the whole body of Nature glowed with an inner, divine radiance. They worshipped her, we may almost say, with a drunken fury of adoration, as of ancient Greeks leaping and chanting in the rites of Bona Dea; and hence what Mr. Swinburne so well calls "the wide and high things of Nature" passed into their verse, and gave to it a deep and Orphic harmony.

In many of Mr. Swinburne's incidental remarks on Byron we thoroughly coincide; as, for instance, that he was far greater in his familiar and semi-comic vein than in more ambitious efforts,—that he was wanting in dramatic power,—that in "Childe Harold," and many of his other poems, there was often "a savour of something false and histrionic,"—and that his versification was sometimes "vulgar and facile," at other times "incomplete and inharmonious." He regards the greatest qualities of Byron as lying in his power, his sincerity, his quick, supple, and abounding life; and this, we believe, is the opinion of most critics whose opinions are worth considering.

THE EMOTIONS AND THE WILL.*

LESS than two years ago (LONDON REVIEW, May 14, 1864), we noticed in these columns the appearance of the second and much improved edition of the "Senses and the Intellect," which, as our readers are aware, constitutes the first portion of Mr. Bain's great work. All students of mental philosophy will gladly welcome the second volume, containing the "Emotions and the Will," in a new edition, which comprises, it appears to us, a great deal of fresh and original matter. The topics of this last volume are decidedly more interesting to ordinary readers than those of the former one. The varieties of emotion, the nature of the moral sense, the origin and development of conscience, the operation of motives, and the func-

tions of the will—problems like these must have their attraction for every thoughtful mind. They are less mixed up, even in our author's treatment of them, with physiological details than the questions relating to sensation and its organs; and though we could desire in a volume of such great length, and in the handling of such difficult questions, more frequent summaries of the various points discussed and settled in antecedent chapters, we must say that the interest of the subject is enhanced by Mr. Bain's mode of arrangement and philosophical style, the latter of which, especially in this volume, is always clear and vigorous, and in more than one passage rises to eloquence.

Although our author has changed a few of his conclusions since his first edition, it need hardly be said that his general method remains the same. As in treating of the sensations, so now in discussing the emotions, he goes upon the principle established in his former volume, that all the workings of the human mind are dependent upon bodily organs; that, in other words, psychology, in the present state of the science, is absolutely inseparable from physiology. Accordingly, every feeling is treated on its physical as well as mental side. Terror, for example, presents itself in its physical manifestation as a sudden transfer of nervous energy from the general system to the organs of perception, causing the stare of the eye, the inflation of the nostril, the trembling of the lips, and other bodily affections. Similarly with the other feelings, Mr. Bain in every case examines and describes their outward characters and embodiments before he goes on to discuss them on their mental side, or, in other words, according as (1) they are pleasurable, painful, or neutral; (2) as they "act on the will in stimulating pursuit or avoidance;" (3) as they continue in the intellect under the form of *ideas* after ceasing to exist as *emotions*. This is what is called the natural history method of investigating mental philosophy; the method adopted by most of our great modern thinkers in this department of knowledge,—Mr. Mill, Mr. Lewes, and especially Mr. Herbert Spencer. With the latter able writer Mr. Bain has many points in common, especially as to the sources of information in regard to the phenomena of mind. In the volume before us, not the least interesting or valuable sections are those consisting of observations made on the qualities, habits, energies, and propensities of the inferior animals, of infants and children, and of the lower races in various stages of progress. Without committing ourselves to any doctrine of development, as held either by Dr. Darwin or Mr. Spencer, we are convinced that great discoveries have yet to be made by further investigation into these sources of knowledge. The present edition of our author's work, as we have intimated, shows here and there clear traces of his attention having been of late especially directed to them. The wonder seems to be that till recently such sources have been made so little available. However low may be the estimate of Paley as a moral philosopher, it cannot be denied that in this point of view he was much in advance of many of his successors.

It is quite impossible to give within our brief compass even the faintest outline of the general doctrines advanced in this volume; still less should we presume to offer within the same space the one or two criticisms which we are disposed to pass on more than one of Mr. Bain's conclusions. Our readers will be more obliged to us, probably, if we select some one or two familiar points of ethical interest which are ingeniously handled in the work before us. No phase of our constitution, perhaps, is more interesting in its analysis or more curious in its workings than the "irascible sentiment." It forms the subject of the first, and we think the most striking, chapter of that masterly sketch of the human passions in Aristotle's second Book of the "Rhetoric," which we are glad to see Mr. Bain appreciates. The nature and office of "resentment" again is usually considered as affording an admirable specimen of Bishop Butler's method and point of view in the well-known sermon on that topic; and, widely as Mr. Bain differs from the conclusions of his illustrious predecessors, we should be sorry to have to prove that the balance of actual truth is not on his side. Against the famous principle of Butler, that "No passion God hath endued us with can be in itself evil," we have Mr. Bain's affirmation that the "pleasure of malevolence" is a fact of the human constitution. Just as the taking delight in the enjoyment felt by others is one element in our nature, so the taking pleasure in other men's pains constitutes an unamiable, but, in Mr. Bain's belief, a no less real principle in our system. He talks of the "pleasures of anger," where Butler and Aristotle only spoke of its "pains." Now, however much we may be disposed to question the existence or naturalness of such a principle, we cannot deny that there is much truth in his explanation of the phenomenon. He considers that the delight of children in torturing animals, the zest of multitudes in witnessing public executions, and other facts, prove "a natural fascination in the sight of bodily infliction and suffering." The pleasure of power, again, is a large ingredient in malevolent feeling; the putting of other beings to pain is a startling illustration of power and superiority. Thirdly, the relieving ourselves of the incubus of terror, by inducing fear in a person likely to injure us, lies at the root of the malevolent sentiment. In accordance with this view, then, Mr. Bain holds the distinctive feeling of anger to imply "the impulse knowingly to inflict suffering upon another sentient being, and to derive a positive gratification from the fact of suffering inflicted." Bishop Butler held the same affection to be "not only innocent, but a generous movement of the mind." After all, perhaps the difference is simply the old one between the two tragedians of antiquity: the Christian bishop painted "anger" as it should be; the Scotch metaphysician paints it as, we fear, too

* The Emotions and the Will. By Alexander Bain, M.A. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

often it is. A far more serious divergence of the two philosophers might be shown regarding "conscience," which Mr. Bain denies altogether to be that primitive and independent faculty of the mind, existing irrespectively of all experience of external authority, which, in spite of our author's arguments, we still firmly believe it to be. He maintains, on the contrary, that "conscience" is simply an imitation within ourselves of the government we see exercised without us. We are aware that Mr. Mill's opinions on this subject are much the same as Mr. Bain's; we believe also that neither of them considers the authority of conscience to be in any degree invalidated by such theory regarding its origin and development. For our part, we only wish that we could share their confidence on this head. To make conscience a derived imitation rather than an original power; to trace its origin to the "linking of terror with forbidden actions," rather than to a natural awe and reverence for a higher Being; to rest its authority on human government rather than divine law,—appears to us to be simply extinguishing the last light for the moral guidance of life which the rigid analysis of recent philosophy had spared us.

We have left ourselves little room for noticing the second, and what will justly be considered the most original, portion of our author's work; we mean the examination of the will. Instead of making everything turn on the vexed question of Freedom and Necessity, Mr. Bain, putting aside this problem as irrelevant or even unmeaning, sets himself to trace the history of the faculty itself from its origin in spontaneous movement, leading on to more studied energies, under the influence of pleasure and pain, up to the maturity of what he calls the "fully-formed executive," or the perfect command of every voluntary organ. His general theory comes, in brief, to this—that in volition the will is uniformly and invariably set in motion by some variety of pleasure or pain, present to the sense or apprehended by the intellect. The first trace of it may be seen in the infant, among whose spontaneous movements, perhaps one brings it towards the breast; and the pleasure felt and remembered as accompanying such a movement sets the infant on a repetition of it under the influence of the great instinct which causes a present condition of delight to sustain a present action. From this simple beginning, the growth of the will is best described in our author's own words:—

"Experience and association gradually establish channels of communication between the separate feelings and the actions demanded to satisfy them, so as to evoke at once a dormant exertion. Farther, it appears that the intelligence represents more or less vividly feelings that are merely impending, whereby the will is roused in almost the same way as by an actual sensation. . . . Every step that we take from morn to night is biased or directed by some foreseen pain or pleasure; or, if an intermediate end is the stimulus, the force of that is derived from some ultimate sensibility of our nature, which can live in the remembrance as well as operate in the actual impression."

We can cordially recommend to our readers the perusal of these later chapters of Mr. Bain's work: the whole subject of the will—the faculty in which almost all the powers of man meet—is treated in them with a fulness, a suggestiveness, and a novelty which we have never seen elsewhere. Indeed, it may be said that these two volumes of the Aberdeen Professor mark an epoch in the history of mental philosophy in England. Unless we are much mistaken, they will fill that place in the next generation which the works of Dugald Stewart and Brown occupied in the last. The necessary differences of style and treatment will, it is true, always make Mr. Bain's views less attractive to the majority of readers than those of his Scotch predecessors in the same line; but for width of knowledge, closeness of observation, and cogency of reasoning, our author need fear no competition on either side of the Tweed. We cannot close our notice without once more recording a wish that Mr. Bain would publish, for younger students in our English Universities, a moderate-sized manual or outline of mental philosophy, which might put a greater number of readers in possession of the chief views and researches embodied in these bulky but most able volumes.

IRON SHIPBUILDING.*

WROUGHT-IRON, as a material for the construction of ships, possesses, with the single exception of the question of fouling, advantages over every other kind of material. Besides other good qualities, it can boast of great strength, durability, and lightness; it may be hammered into any requisite shape, and one piece may be securely united to another by welding or by rivetting, so that comparatively small pieces may be so combined as to form the strongest and most ponderous ship. Before Cort introduced his grand invention, destined to metamorphose the industry of the world—that of rolling plate and bar-iron—there was nothing in the form of iron plates of which ships could be constructed. Shortly before that date, when Watt was engaged with his steam-engine, the only material at his command for his boiler was hammered copper plate or cast-iron. Hammered iron plates, of very limited size, were occasionally made; but their use was as restricted as their dimensions, and it was not till the introduction of the plan of rolling iron that the capabilities of the metal in this form were

at all developed. They were first applied to the construction of boilers for steam-engines in 1786. The date of the construction of the first iron boats is uncertain; but we have evidence of their being in use in Staffordshire for the conveyance of minerals on the canals about the year 1812 or 1813. In 1822, the Horsely Company built the *Aaron Manley*, the first iron ship that ever went to sea. She was sent to London in sections, reconstructed in one of the docks, and navigated to Havre and Paris by the late Admiral Napier. In 1831, Mr. Fairbairn, at the request of the Governor and Council of the Forth and Clyde Canal, conducted a series of experiments to determine the law of traction, and to account for the phenomenon of the absence of surge at high velocities in canals; and in his report he recommended the introduction of iron vessels, and steam on the locomotive principle in the place of horses as a motive power on canals. Four iron boats were constructed at Manchester in conformity with these views. Simultaneously, another and a larger vessel, 84 feet long and 14 feet beam, with recessed paddles in the stern, was built by the author, and navigated through the locks of the Mersey and Irwell to Liverpool, and from thence to Greenock, being the second iron vessel ever put to sea, if we except the *Lord Dundas* light boat, which performed the voyage from Liverpool to Glasgow in the previous year. This vessel, named the *Manchester*, was for several years employed as a coasting vessel, carrying goods and passengers between Port Dundas, Grangemouth, and Dundee. About the same time, or shortly after, the Messrs. Laird built the *Albion* at Birkenhead, a small iron vessel which went out to Africa, with the Landers and Macgregor Laird, for the exploration of the Niger. The strength and sailing qualities of the whole of these vessels were confirmatory of the great superiority of iron over wood as a material for shipbuilding; and we have but to refer to the constantly increasing frequency of its application, and its most extensive use at the present day, not only in this country, but in every maritime state of the globe, to be convinced of the soundness of the principle and the great superiority of the iron ship.

The maximum strain to which a ship is exposed at sea appears to take place when she is supported at her centre on the crest of a wave. In such a position it is evident that, the extremities being comparatively unsupported, the upper portion of the material in the centre of the vessel undergoes a tensile strain. When a vessel spans the crests of two waves, and the extremities are more immersed than the centre, the direction of the strain will as evidently be reversed. On the very important question, particularly in iron shipbuilding, of the durability of material under alternate strains, we are fortunate in possessing a laborious series of experiments on the endurance of iron-jointed beams subjected to the test of alternately imposing and removing the load. This, it will be observed, was simply an intermittent application of tensile strain and compression always to the same sides of the beam, whereas in a ship both the bottom and upper works are subject to both varieties of strain. The experiments to which we have just alluded show the curious and interesting fact that the joints of an iron rivetted beam sustained upwards of three million changes of one-fourth the weight that would break it, without any apparent injury to its ultimate powers of resistance. It broke, however, with 313,000 additional changes when loaded to one-third the breaking weight, evidently showing that the construction is not safe when subjected to the intermittent action of a load one-third the weight that would break it. As regards the construction of iron vessels, these results appear to show conclusively that time is an element in the endurance of structures when subjected to the intermittent action of severe strains. It is difficult to pronounce what is the correct measure of safety—whether one-fifth or one-fourth the breaking weight; but we have sufficient data to be assured that every disturbance, however minute, in the molecular construction of bodies, tends to destruction, and that it is only a question of time when rupture shall ensue. We may feel assured, however, that a ship, as well as a beam, is practically safe when the strains do not exceed the Government rule of five tons per square inch upon the wrought-iron plates of which it is composed.

"To arrive," says Mr. Fairbairn, "at the stability, strength, and other properties of a structure, when united and composed of parts of the same material, or in combination with any other material, it is essential that we should make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with its endurance, powers of resistance, flexibility, elasticity, and such other properties as may be called into action by forces to which it is exposed. Without this knowledge, the different parts of every construction, instead of being duly proportioned to the strains each has to bear, are left to chance as regards position, and take their places according to the views, probably the ignorance or caprice, of the builder. In every construction, but more especially in that of a ship, it is necessary, in the first instance, to determine the position and direction of the strains to which it may be subjected; and, in the second place, to prepare to meet those strains by the selection and position of the material, so as to determine the best mode of construction. Numbers of vessels have been built and are now building of inferior material, as well as defective in principle, thus impairing their security, and rendering them unfit for service in the open sea. Much has yet to be done to rectify these mistakes, to raise the character of the iron shipbuilder, and ultimately to establish in the public mind perfect security in the strength of vessels of this description. We venture to hope that the time is not far distant when these desirable objects will be accomplished, and when it will become imperative on every builder to employ sound material and equally sound principles in the construction of these important structures."

The work is copiously illustrated with plates and woodcuts, not

* Treatise on Iron Shipbuilding, its History and Progress, as comprised in a Series of Experimental Researches in the Laws of Strain; the Strengths, Forms, and other Conditions of the Material; and an Inquiry into the Present and Prospective State of the Navy; including the Experimental Results on the Resisting Powers of Armour Plates and Shot at High Velocities. By William Fairbairn, Esq., C.E., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. London: Longman & Co.

the least interesting of which are various sectional and other views of two of the American Monitors, the *Chickasaw* and the *Nauset*. Mr. Fairbairn writes on a most important subject in a thoroughly practical manner, and his treatise is replete with valuable suggestions, the fruit of vast experience.

HIDDEN DEPTHS.*

THE authoress of this very remarkable book writes with vehement earnestness, taking for the motto of her work the axiom, "*Veritas est major charitas*;" but we are sorry to say that her earnestness is in excess of her judgment, and that what she takes for absolute truth is but a very limited part of a great and complex whole. Still, though we are compelled, for the truth's sake, to pass this apparently sweeping censure upon her work, we are equally compelled to bear witness to the high intention with which she has laboured. The extraordinary circumstance of a delicate, pious, and intellectually-gifted woman writing—even anonymously—on the subject of the "Social Evil," is in itself enough to bespeak respectful attention for her book; but, in addition, the writer of "*Hidden Depths*" is entitled to special consideration for the striking literary power she exhibits in the present volumes. Had she contented herself with writing an ordinary novel, in which the sin of seduction was held up to the reprobation and scorn of all right-minded readers, we are sure she would have deserved to be recognised as worthy of a conspicuous place in the ranks of contemporary English novel-writers. She has chosen, however, to write "with a purpose," and, we might almost say, has courted failure; for the admiration which "*Hidden Depths*" is well calculated to inspire, so long as it is considered in the light of a work of fiction, is turned to objection when the story, with its narrow bounds and partial exhibition of facts, has to be viewed as the exposition of a gigantic social disorder—the most saddening, difficult, not to say hopeless, problem of civilized life. "Though all did not occur precisely as here narrated, it is nevertheless actual truth which speaks in these records." In this sentence, taken from the authoress's preface, we detect the error which underlies the whole argument of her book. What happens mostly in the case of those who act upon mere philanthropical impulse has happened in her case: having become possessed of a few facts, she has taken them as representing the whole truth of the subject on which they bear. It is clearly to be inferred from her book that she believes seduction—that is to say, the systematic ruin of perfectly innocent girls by heartless profligates—to be one of the chief causes of the vice in question; but how utterly without foundation such a belief must be is known to every one who has ventured to inquire into the subject at all. It is most probable that the writer of "*Hidden Depths*" has heard the story of the happy home, the perfect innocence, the advent of the betrayer, the fall from virtue, the abandonment, and all the other incidents, related by some reclaimed "unfortunate;" the mistake she has made is in having given a too ready credence to a relation which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is found, upon searching inquiry, to be wholly, or in great part, untrue. Of the poor wretches who qualify themselves to take the distinctive title of "unfortunates," it is almost certain that not ten in a thousand adopt that miserable calling from the cause assigned by her. We need not recapitulate the score of well-ascertained causes, and we will only say that they have been found enough to daunt the boldest seekers for a remedy. The authoress of "*Hidden Depths*" thinks she has only to take her Bible in hand, and the cure is found. Through the lips of her heroine she cries, in answer to the objection that she is possibly compromising herself in attempting to reclaim "one only out of a tribe better ignored altogether":—

"One only—but that one an immortal soul that never in all the eternal ages can cease to live and living to suffer, if in the whole world there is not enough of compassion found to save her from a doom of such unimagined horror; one only, but that one unspeakably precious in the sight of the God who made her for Himself, that we know His beloved Son would have come down from heaven to die in His awful agony for her alone, had she only of all the human race been perishing and sinful. You speak of thousands like her. Is it not enough to crush one's very soul with horror to think of what they are in the sight of the Righteous Heaven, and shall be, probably, for ever? And the thought that it is their own fellow-creatures who have thus blasted their souls with eternal ruin makes one wonder that God should still withhold the fire which one day must justly burn to ashes a world so cruel and so polluted. And can you think, Hugh, that apart from the judgment which will fall upon the active agents in the ruin of the thousands of whom you speak, there will be no account demanded of their blood from those who were passive instruments in their destruction, who might have helped, who might have saved them, and would not? on such as I am, who ought to be ready to give my whole life to win all and any I could? Am I to abstain from rescuing one, one actually given into my hand, because some painful humiliation, some bitter censure, may come to wound my vanity, from those who make this world's approval the idol of their worship? Oh, what will all that world be to me when I am lying cold and stiff in the grave, whence there is no return! How much more than worthless in that silent time of waiting will be its praise or blame—the praise or blame of those who will be dust and ashes like myself! But will not the doom of that one lost soul be everything to me,—the soul that will meet me at the bar of judgment, and cry out against me,

'You might have saved me, and you did not; therefore you are my condemnation, you are my sentence, you are my everlasting despair'?"

We give this passage as a specimen of the authoress's style, and as affording at the same time an indication of her enthusiastic, unpractical view of the subject with which she has undertaken to deal. In the course of her narrative, however, occasional remarks will be found—with reference to homes for fallen women, and analogous institutions, for example—indicative of a large capacity for actual work. It appears hard to say that what she has done has been useless labour; but the most we can hope from it is that it may serve to set thinking some who never thought before of this ugly side of their social existence. By all means let anything and everything that can be done be done to save individual souls by earnest doers like the authoress of "*Hidden Depths*." The more closely the subject of the Social Evil is looked at by intelligent women, the more likelihood is there of means being found to mitigate the abomination. It is, beyond doubt, in the power of women to give a purer tone to society by doing their best to discountenance all profligacy of life in the men of their own families, as well as those with whom they are otherwise brought into contact. At present, nothing of the kind is done, and, so long as no "inconvenience" results, even notorious impurity of life is held to be no disqualification for a man in society; indeed, the man of many mistresses is an object of special interest and regard with thousands of women who would affect the utmost horror and indignation at being brought into personal relationship with any woman of sullied reputation. But these remarks apply only to the upper classes. Among the lower classes, where the horrors of the Social Evil spread widest, it is useless to think of any such ameliorating influence as that which it is possible for the women of the superior classes to exert. The authoress of "*Hidden Depths*" takes no account of "unfortunates" below the grade of gentlemen's abandoned mistresses, or of the mercenaries of University towns; and, in saying this, perhaps we say enough to show that her earnestness has been spent upon a mere fragment or two of the innumerable wrecks that strew the Dead-Sea shore of this miserable subject. We are glad, however, to recognise in her present work signs of an admirable literary faculty. Read as a work of fiction, we are sure that "*Hidden Depths*" will not fail to interest thoughtful readers far beyond the average of the season's new novels.

SHAKESPEARE'S JEST BOOK.*

IN Act II., sc. 1, of "*Much Ado about Nothing*," Beatrice taunts Benedick with saying of her that she "had her good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales';" and Steevens, commenting on the passage, remarks:—"The book to which Shakespeare alludes was an old translation of '*Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*.' The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is said to have been written by some of the Royal family of France. Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakespeare." From this it would appear that Steevens had never seen the English translation to which Ames refers, and indeed the book has for a long time past been extremely scarce. In the year 1815, however, the late Mr. S. W. Singer published a reprint of this quaint old work, but a reprint from an imperfect copy discovered by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare, and then supposed to be the only one in existence. The original was printed by John Rastell in black letter, folio, and bore no date. The work, thus imperfect, was again reproduced early in 1864, under the editorship of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt; but the text was full of gaps, owing to several leaves of the original having been taken out or mutilated, to make pasteboard for binding another book. This was, perhaps, a matter of but small importance; for the work has no literary value, and is only remembered on account of its slight connection with Shakespeare. A perfect copy of an earlier edition of the English translation (also in black letter and folio) has, however, turned up in Germany, where it has been for the last hundred years, if not for longer. It was purchased at a book auction at Luneburg, in December, 1767, by agents of the Royal Library of the University of Göttingen, and is entered in the Library's Manual of the following year. Farther back than this its history cannot be traced, nor how so obscure an English book wandered into Germany. Perhaps it was carried there by one of those English actors who in the time of Shakespeare used to visit the chief German cities in the exercise of their calling; or it may have found its way across the seas at a much later period. This is mere conjecture; but it is at any rate curious that the only perfect copy of a work to some extent illustrating Shakespeare (though, it must be admitted, in no important degree) should have been unearthed in the very country which asserts for itself the greatest interest in, and appreciation of, our leading poet. Although, as we have said, the "*Hundred Merry Tales*" are not intrinsically valuable, and have only a very slight bearing on the works of Shakespeare, we are glad to possess a perfect edition of them, and do not grudge our Teutonic kinsfolk the discovery of the only copy which enables us to possess the book exactly as it appeared in the days of Henry VIII. The edition of which the volume now before us is a reprint is also from the press of John Rastell, and bears date 1526; and Dr. Oesterley, in his Introduction, gives various reasons for supposing

* Shakespeare's Jest Book. A Hundred Merry Tales, from the Only Perfect Copy Known. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Dr. Herman Oesterley. London: John Russell Smith.

* *Hidden Depths*. Two Volumes. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

that it was issued some years earlier than the edition from the mutilated copy of which Mr. Singer, and afterwards Mr. Carew Hazlitt, produced their respective volumes. Between the edition of 1526 and the undated edition discovered by Mr. Conybeare, there are many divergencies, several of which, according to the present editor, are of such a nature as would seem to suggest that the undated edition was published subsequently to the dated. The copy in the Library of the University of Göttingen was accidentally turned up by Dr. Oesterley, between two and three years ago, when he was engaged in the composition of a new catalogue of the prose works of fiction in that collection; and some account of it was given by Professor F. W. Unger in a German periodical, the *Serapeum*, of May 15th, 1864. The present reprint (which is on toned paper) seems to have been carefully superintended. The old spelling, in all its uncouthness, has been preserved, as well as the original punctuation, which consists of nothing more than full points and nearly perpendicular strokes, the latter being generally used for dividing the minor clauses. The text has been collated with that of Hazlitt; a few notes are added, and old-fashioned headings and initial letters are introduced, to give to the volume something of the external appearance of antiquity.

Apart from purely bibliographical considerations, the greatest interest of the "Hundred Merry Tales" is as a specimen of the light reading of our ancestors. The humour is of a very simple, one might almost say clownish, order. Yet one can understand that at the time they were originally published, when there was scarcely any literary culture, and humour had not been systematized into a branch of art, these stories may have been regarded with favour. As in all early writings, we are conscious, in reading them, of a free, joyous, youthful life and spirit, which is their greatest recommendation. If Steevens was right in asserting for them a French origin, they must have been greatly modified in their English dress, for the allusions are extremely national. The Welshman is frequently introduced, and seems, with his provincial dialect, his odd ways, and his tendency to commit ludicrous blunders, to occupy a similar place to that of the Irishman in modern comic stories. The references to London localities are curious. We read of "Holborne," and "Seynt Andrews chyrch," and "Davys Inne" (Thavie's Inn), and "Smythfeld," and "Newgate," and are pleased to find how little our London nomenclature has changed in the course of nearly three centuries and a half.

TWO RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES.*

It was good for the Church of Christ when even the voice of ancient persecution cried out—"See, how these Christians love one another!" The unsparing devotion and the Christian charity of the Early Church were then a living witness to the truth of her Lord, who declared—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." What a contrast to this happy condition of feeling and temper do we now find among the professed followers of Him whose works, words, life, death, mission, and character, were but so many manifestations of divine and disinterested love! Doctrinal controversy first inoculated the Church with the virus of uncharitableness, and the sweetest of all Christian graces was lost in the bitterness of polemical theology. The fiercest books in the world are those written by Christian against Christian, and, as sects have multiplied, the Ishmaelites of religion have multiplied also. "The sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal" of fanatical disputation have so long roused the coarse passions of our nature that "odium theologicum" has become a conventional symbol of the bitterest antipathy. We have had Christians burning men's bodies for the love of their souls, and we have had Christians anathematizing and condemning to everlasting fire the souls of their fellow-Christians for the love of Christ! Dr. Campbell is no exception. His "Essays on Baptismal Regeneration" leave the great *questio vexata* where he found it, as no man incapable of taking a clear view of anything can be supposed capable of imparting a new light to, or giving a clear view of, the objects here opened to contemplation. The work is dedicated to Lord Ebury, and is intended to go forth as an ally of the professed revisers of the Liturgy; but this object is mainly insisted on in a preface and dedication of unwarrantable length, seeing that it is chiefly conspicuous by the absence of any new argument in favour of the wholesale revision so boldly proposed. We should be sorry to see the existing body of our Liturgical devotions placed in such hands for alteration.

The method pursued in these extraordinary essays is peculiar and striking in the extreme. The doctor gives us, by quotation, almost every phase of opinion expressed by divines of the Church of England respecting "the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration," as taught in the formularies of that Church, and at the same time we are presented with a string of observations which have a more than average claim to be classed among the curiosities of theological literature. The first of these curiosities is the constant blending of flattery and abuse, when discussing the "views of Evangelicals." The doctor has an unquestionable talent for roaring like a lion and cooing like a dove in the same breath; he can give a flattering kiss to the one cheek, and a good sound slap to the other, at the same time; his tongue has a plentiful supply of honey

and gall, which he deals out to his "Christian brethren" with more profusion than discretion. He quotes the opinions of his "dear brethren in the Lord," "four of the best clergymen of the time, all fully accredited and greatly honoured Masters of Israel." These favoured men are Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow, "a man of such worth and intelligence;" Mr. Burgess, "a worthy gentleman;" Mr. Bridges, "a name which I cannot mention without affectionate reverence;" and Mr. Venn. He condemns all and every one of their opinions, as a "mockery to reason, an outrage alike to nature and to Scripture," and as "having no place whatever in the New Testament." This is but one specimen of that unique treatment of "our friends in the Lord" which everywhere pervades the book. Such a course, however, may be a matter of taste rather than of principle and doctrine. This brings us to the second curious feature of the brochure, and here we tax the doctor with dishonesty or delusion. Here is a man who, on his own showing, has gone carefully and thoroughly into the whole subject of "Baptismal Regeneration," who has "not formed his views touching this matter lightly," "has read everything of moment on the subject that has been published during the present century, and no small portion of that which appeared before." Accordingly, as we might expect, he gives us every known phase of opinion formed and expressed on this subject, and, contrary to all expectation, to reason, and to common sense, he condemns them all alike, either directly or indirectly. The one theory ever on his lips is the declaration of what he does not believe respecting this doctrine, and never what he does believe. The Anglo-Catholic views of Dr. Pusey, Dr. Hook, the Bishop of Oxford, and other divines, on Baptism and its Regeneration, are branded as anti-Christian and un-Christian. The various views, which may be termed explanatory or apologetic, held by Broad and Low Churchmen, are condemned as "un Scriptural and illogical." Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is regarded as a "Quaker," as one who "overlooks the divine appointment of Baptism," because that American divine considers there is no change of state or nature in baptism; while Mr. Burgess and Mr. Cunningham are equally condemned, with a host of others—some for maintaining the change of state, others the change of nature, in that sacrament.

What does all this mean? Does the doctor believe that any two contradictory propositions are both false statements? He is dishonest if he condemns in others what he must by necessary implication believe himself; or he is a deluded man if he does not see his own gross inconsistency in virtually condemning every possible view entertained on this subject, and amongst them some views consistent with reason and Scripture (the standard by which alone he measures doctrinal truth), unless he will be bold enough to assert that the Christian Church has nowhere yet put forth any view worthy of Christian acceptance. It may, no doubt, be urged in defence of Dr. Campbell that his main object is to strengthen the hands of his "brother in the Lord," Mr. Spurgeon, in his attack on the Evangelical clergy of the Church of England, by showing the inconsistent and multifarious views entertained of baptism by that body. Yet, even were this plea admissible, what are we to think of a man who lays down no definite measure and standard of the truth on such matters, and, while canvassing the opinions of Christendom, commits himself to no theory on such a subject? What is the world to think of a baptized Christian, a clergyman, a doctor of divinity, and a writer on doctrinal divinity, who has searched all Christendom for a creed on Baptismal Regeneration in vain, and rejects with equal scorn the teachings of Roman-Catholic, Anglo-Catholic, and Protestant Christianity? Of a truth, the doctor is hard to satisfy, and difficult to understand.

Notwithstanding the constant denial of the creedless Dr. Campbell, we think there is much to warrant a belief in Baptismal Regeneration as taught by the Holy Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. The Church of Christ for fifteen centuries so believed and so taught, and Zuinglius was the first to diverge from the catholic interpretation of John iii. 5:—"Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." We would recommend the doctor, who professes so deep a devotion to Scripture, to consider well the teaching of the following passages of Holy Writ:—Gal. iii. 27, "For as many as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ;" Titus iii. 5, "But according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (this verse has always been understood of baptism of the Church before Calvin's time, and even Calvin so understood it); and, lastly, Acts xxii. 16, "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." We also beg to remind the author of the prevalence of baptism or bathing, in connection with religion, amongst the nations of the ancient world. According to Herodotus, the Egyptian priests bathed twice a day and twice in the night; and no Greek or Roman dared to go to sacrifice without bathing. What is more remarkable, when pollution of any kind was contracted, as the stain of blood in battle, purification by water was held absolutely necessary before any act of devotion, acceptable to the gods, could be performed, or any sacred thing be handled. (See Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.") And even the awful crime of homicide was to be so expiated. The practice was evidently based upon a natural and universal connection in the mind of man between the thoughts of material and spiritual pollution.

We now come to consider Mr. Boase's very able, excellent, and unpretending treatise on "Tithes and Offerings." It is a work much needed as an antidote to the selfishness of our age. The author has evidently laboured long and hard, and produced a work

* *Essays on Baptismal Regeneration.* By Dr. John Campbell. London: John Snow.

Tithes and Offerings. By C. W. Boase. Edinburgh: T. & P. Clarke.

of considerable learning and practical usefulness. In his own words, his object has been "to set forth in due order, in their length and breadth, the duty and privilege of dedicating portions of our worldly substance to the service of God. It has been undertaken from a belief that this part of our duty to God is a very solemn matter, is more important than is commonly supposed, and requires for its wise accomplishment more consideration than is usually bestowed on it." With clearness of conception, our author has well exposed many of the self-delusions and excuses of the illiberal and covetous. There is, however, one point not handled with his usual ability. We refer to the common notion that Christianity leaves the amount of liberality entirely to the private will and disposition of donors. Now, we know that the Jew who gave less than one-tenth of his income was branded by his religion as a sinner; and if a Christian may, on the principle we have mentioned, give less than a tenth of his income to religious purposes, it follows that it is lawful for a Christian to be more selfish than a Jew, and thus Christianity, the religion of self-sacrifice and love, has actually lowered the standard of a virtue, and such a virtue as liberality. Who will be bold enough to maintain that in Christian morals we have one virtue without a minimum limit, which continues to be a virtue when almost reduced to nothing, and largely partaking of the opposite view? Who will dare to maintain that a man with a clear ten thousand a year is liberal who discharges a Christian duty by devoting a few guineas a year to religion and charity? Look at other virtues, truth or honesty. We dare not call that man really honest who makes up some account of cheating with transactions not without some ingredient of fairness; and the virtue of truth is surely gone when the slightest deception is mingled with it. Are we to suppose that liberality is the one virtue Christianity has left without rule and limit in a selfish world to the mercy, whim, and taste of every man, and will consider it a virtue even when it descends so low that it passes into selfishness? Still, notwithstanding this mistake, we have excellent grounds for recommending Mr. Boase's volume for soundness, interest, and usefulness.

MR. STODDART ON ANGLING.*

THE author of these sketches is evidently one who has had much experience in fishing, and many opportunities of observing the peculiar qualities and characteristics of the Salmonidæ of our rivers. In his preface he lays claim to being able to pronounce unhesitatingly upon several points relating to the natural history of the different branches of this family, and accordingly states his opinions boldly, not deterred even when they may differ from those of men who are held to be the greatest authorities in ichthyology. For the most part, his opinions are unsupported by argument of any kind; and, in those exceptional cases in which he vouchsafes a reason, it is generally of an unsatisfactory nature. For instance:—"The deeper," he says, "I am led to inquire into the subject, the nearer I approach to a conviction that ichthyologists are on the wrong tack when they ascribe to the monster trout a specific character." This seems to promise something like new light upon an interesting point; but the only ground of Mr. Stoddart's belief is, that "the stress laid upon dentition, the shape and relative proportions of the head, &c., induce me to question in some measure the propriety of the basis on which many of our most eminent naturalists found what they term a species in the family Salmonidæ."

But, if we cannot regard Mr. Stoddart's book as adding to our knowledge of the natural history of the fish which he professes to be so well acquainted with, it is interesting in so far as it relates the experiences of an enthusiastic sportsman. The author states minutely the weight and number of fish caught each day in each river, tributary, or lake to which he has given trial, so much so as to convey an idea that it is intended to eke out the volume. But he does not confine himself to such particulars. There is plenty of other matter which gives variety to the work, and makes it readable. We have an account of the author's first acquaintance with the river Tyne, in Haddingtonshire, when a schoolboy at East Linton. The school "was presided over by a septuagenarian, whose infirm state of health acted as a bar to strict discipline, and gave opportunities to those under his charge systematically to break through the rules of the dormitory, which was so situated as to allow of an easy escape through its windows into the play-ground, without alarming the reverend doctor or his unsuspecting satellites. Of the ten or dozen boys who occupied this range of apartments, four or five were decided victims to the angling mania. The disease, so to call it, gained strength from communication with the villagers, some of whom were looked up to as expert hands with the rod. The attraction presented by the river itself, also, in the shape of large, beautifully-formed trout, helped to confirm the malady, which grew to such a height that at least three nights in the week, during summer, became dedicated to stolen excursions along the banks of the Tyne, in the neighbourhood of Hailes Castle, or Phantassie; the arrangement betwixt those who shared the pleasure and danger of them, and the inglorious sluggards fain to babble, being that the spoils (which, let them turn out what they might, finny, furry, or feathery, we had no great difficulty in persuading the good-natured mistress of the kitchen to make ready) should form a common repast on the following evening."

* An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs. By Thomas Tod Stoddart, Author of "The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

There is a cottage near St. Mary's Loch which is the property of a widow whose maiden name was Tibby Shields, and who is always spoken of under that appellation. This cottage may be said to have been, if it is not so still, the rendezvous of anglers in general. "A list," says our author, "confined solely to the enumeration of literary lions and scientific celebrities whom Tibby's thatch from time to time has given shelter to, would occupy a large space in these reminiscences." James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was a frequent guest under Tibby's roof, where he would, at supper, entertain the company with a song, his favourites being "the Jacobite air 'Prince Charlie,' or 'Cam' ye by the Athol,' and that simple but beautiful love-lay headed, 'When the kye comes home,' " which he rendered invariably "with a heartiness of expression that counterbalanced any little defect there might be of musical taste or ear." There are frequent allusions to Christopher North, whose prowess in angling and athletic sports is spoken of in high terms. The author deplors the changes which have occurred, and which are still taking place, in Windermere, under the chapter headed, "At Elleray," which is the recollection of a visit paid to the Professor at that place.

"The genius of utility," he says, "is everywhere trenching upon the poetical, and from a mere confusion of rock and water, woodland and pasture-ground, is working out, with hammer and wheel, with saw and lever, with plough and spade, with fire, forge, and steam, by squares and parallels, silently but surely, a new order of things. No longer tenanted are the homes of the bards who, a quarter of a century ago, fed the ear of England with sweet songs, and drew from the banks of the Isis and the Cam, from musty books and college ceremony, classic bands towards Cumberland and its altar stones of inspiration. Here at Rydal Mount, not far from Ambleside, lived William Wordsworth; at Grasmere, Hartley Coleridge resided. De Quincey, also, was allied by marriage to this district; and at Greta Hall, not far from Keswick, dwelt Southey, the most indefatigable, in his day, of scholars, historians, and versifiers. The pass to the then palace-lands of poetry was guarded at Elleray by the athlete, in body and limb as well as in intellect, Christopher North; and no point more appropriate whereon to erect a key to the fairy realm could well have been selected. It brought boldly before the eye the first sweet engaging vision of the Lake territory, and by exciting the mind with agreeable anticipations, directed it beyond the scope of visible objects into the world of the ideal. The Cumberland giants, its mental wrestlers, all are dead."

The style in which Mr. Stoddart's book is written varies greatly. The foregoing extract is a specimen of the author's best manner; but we sometimes come across sentences that are wholly incomprehensible, while others are so involved that it is a matter of study, not always successful, to understand them. In the work of a mere sportsman we have perhaps no right to expect literary excellence, but we have at least a right to intelligible expressions. In his angling songs the author often succeeds in vividly suggesting what he describes; but at other times he does not seem to have clearly before his mind that which he is writing about, and he frequently runs into obscurity, owing to extreme diffuseness. On the whole, however, these songs rather add to than detract from the merit of the book, inasmuch as they serve to give additional variety to the matter.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.*

THERE is much useful information in this exposition by Mr. Moir of Professor Mittermaier's "Todesstrafe," and the book may be beneficially employed as a supplement to the lately issued report of the Capital Punishment Commission. The Commissioners have, it is true, exhausted English opinion on the subject they had to deal with for many a year to come. Mr. Ewart himself, in the face of their recommendations, will probably forbear his annual motion for the total abolition of the penalty of death, and will be content with a change in the law of infanticide, a better definition of "malice," and the substitution of public for private executions. But the opinions of eminent men—and especially of eminent Continental jurists—upon the main question of the total abolition of capital punishment are still worth reading and considering, and we have to thank Mr. Moir for collecting and summarising them in a convenient form. He is himself a warm advocate of a merciful change in the law, and in his advocacy, we are glad to say, does not exhibit so much of what Mr. Carlyle calls "a morbid sympathy with scoundrels" as some of his fellow-workers in the same cause. When it is remembered that some of the wisest and best of men, living and dead, conscientiously maintain that it is necessary to punish a murderer with death, the language often indulged in by the "humanitarian" school seems ridiculously overstrained. No reform was ever yet gained by rhetorical exaggeration, while none has ever been long delayed, in this country at any rate, after the public mind has once become thoroughly convinced. There is no more likely method of so convincing it than by the calm recapitulation of the best arguments on both sides of the question at issue. That is the method which Mr. Moir has adopted, and we are therefore able to commend his book to our readers as a worthy contribution to the discussion of a great and difficult social problem.

SHORT NOTICES.

Publications of the Early English Text Society. (Trübner & Co.)—We last week noticed at some length three publications of the Early

* Capital Punishment: based on Mittermaier's "Todesstrafe." Edited by John Macrae Moir, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

English Text Society: three others now lie on our table, to which we can only briefly allude. One of these is a reprint of a prose romance of the middle of the fifteenth century, entitled, "Merlin, or the Early History of King Arthur," edited, from the unique MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, with an introduction by Mr. D. W. Nash, F.S.A. The latter gentleman makes some interesting and learned remarks on the origin of the fables concerning Merlin. He draws a distinction between Merlin the Enchanter and Merlin the Bard, referring the former, or the legends about him, to the period of Vortigern, or the fifth century, and the latter to the sixth century, when the Britons of the district then known as Cumbria were engaged in their unsuccessful struggle with the Angles of Northumberland and the adjacent provinces. But neither set of legends is, in the opinion of Mr. Nash, of Welsh origin, if by Wales is understood simply the country west of the Severn. "Certain it is," he writes, "that there are two Celtic—we may perhaps say two Cymric—localities in which the legends of Arthur and Merlin have been deeply implanted, and to this day remain living traditions, cherished by the peasantry of those two countries, and that neither of these is Wales. It is in Brittany, and in the old Cumbrian kingdom south of the Frith of Forth, that the legends of Arthur and Merlin have taken root and flourished." Cumbria, according to Mr. Nash, is probably the original locality of the traditions, which were afterwards transplanted into Brittany by refugees from this island when the Saxons became finally dominant. Merlin the Enchanter he looks on as a mere fable; but of the existence of Merlin the Bard he tells us there is historical evidence. Of the old prose romance to which Mr. Nash's paper is an introduction, and which has been laboriously edited by Mr. Wheatley, we have as yet only Part I. before us. We have also to acknowledge Part I. of Mr. Fitzedward Hall's edition of "The Monarchie," and other poems, of Sir David Lyndesay. The third publication of the Early English Text Society to which we have alluded, is a reprint of "The Wright's Chaste Wife," a story in verse, written about the year 1462, and described in the original title-page as "A fable of a wryght that was maryde to a pore wydow's dowtre, the whiche wydow havyng noo good to geve with her gave as for a precyous Johelle to hym a Rose garland, the whyche she affermyd wold never fade while she kept truly her wedlok." The tale is printed from a manuscript in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth.

The Prayer Book Interleaved, with Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes arranged Parallel to the Text, by the Rev. W. M. Campion, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College and Rector of St. Botolph's, and the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Incumbent of St. Michael's, Cambridge. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Ely. (Rivingtons.)—The editors of this Interleaved Prayer Book say in their Preface that it has appeared to them that "a portable edition of the Prayer Book, accompanied by compendious notes, arranged, as far as possible, face to face with the text illustrated, was wanted in our ritualistic literature." They have therefore endeavoured to supply the want in the volume which they now put forth. They add:—"In the notes, we have endeavoured to show the position which our Service-book holds relatively to the Service-books of other communions, and also of our own Church at an earlier period of our national life; and, with this end in view, we have given a short account of the origin, development, and alterations of the various services." The commentary is compiled from the writings of the chief authorities, and passages quoted from Greek or Latin authors have for the most part been translated. The preface by the Bishop of Ely traces the History of the Prayer Book from early times to the last revision in 1662.

John Hatherton. By the Author of "Effie's Friends." (Nisbet & Co.)—This is professedly a religious tale; but there is in it more of real tenderness, not to speak of artistic power, than, we are sorry to say, is generally observable in stories of the same class. John Hatherton, at the commencement of the narrative, is a young countryman settled in London as a working watchmaker. He marries the daughter of the village innkeeper down at Farncombe, his native place. She is some years younger than he; but she has been his idol ever since she was an infant, and when she goes with him to London she is the light of his prosaic dwelling. By-and-by she takes the fever from which one of her children has been suffering, and of that malady she dies. The dull, worn misery of poor Hatherton, the gradual breaking down of his health as age creeps on, the failure of his eyesight until total blindness ensues, and the death of his daughter, are related with much simplicity, and with unaffected pathos. John is dismissed from his work, owing to his growing incapacity; but his meek nature and reliance on the goodness of God carry him through all his troubles, and the story closes with his peaceful return to Farncombe in company with his son and daughter-in-law. The story is interspersed with some pretty bits of description and some clever character sketches, and is altogether superior to most works of its class.

Lectures on Animal Chemistry, delivered at the Royal College of Physicians. By William Odling, M.B., F.R.S., &c. (Longmans & Co.)—The lectures here printed in the form of a volume of very modest dimensions were delivered in the spring of last year, and were at the time reported in the *Chemical News*. The reports have been carefully revised, and now form a treatise on Animal Chemistry, brief, but full of matter, and coming to us with the authority of one who has attained a high name in that branch of science with which he is more particularly associated. We have on a former occasion spoken in high terms of Dr. Odling's "Manual of Chemistry." The excellent characteristics of that work are also exhibited in the present, which may be recommended as a reliable guide to all who are desirous of studying the chemical composition of animal bodies. The author says that he has endeavoured to render his book intelligible even to non-technical readers, provided they give a moderate amount of attention; though we fear the strict scientific forms adopted will rather daunt all who are not prepared beforehand with a strong interest in, and some general knowledge of, the subject.

President Lincoln Self-Pourtrayed. By John Malcolm Ludlow. (A. W. Bennett.)—Mr. Ludlow's book does not profess to be a biography of the late President of the United States, but simply such

a selection from his public addresses, manifestoes, &c., as shall give a comprehensive idea of the man's principles, and of their progressive development during the term of his official life. The work is based on two or three articles written by Mr. Ludlow in *Good Words*, but which have now been greatly augmented by new material, consisting chiefly of documents derived from Mr. Raymond's "Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln," an American book. The tone of the present volume is highly eulogistic of the late President; but its chief value does not consist in its opinions, but in its bringing into a readable and available form the utterances of a remarkable man. Mr. Ludlow's style we cannot commend. It is exceedingly high-flown and pretentious—a mixture of stump oratory and Exeter Hall religious verbiage. The book, however, is readable for what it contains of Lincoln himself; and, being published for the benefit of the British and Foreign Freedmen's Aid Society, it will doubtless find many purchasers among those who sympathize with the negro race in America.

Hamilton v. Mill. A Thorough Discussion of Each Chapter in Mr. John S. Mill's Examination of Hamilton's Logic and Philosophy; beginning with the Logic. Part I. (Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart.)—The author of this criticism proposes to go through all the charges of inconsistency, defective argument, and erroneous philosophical teaching, brought against the writings of Sir William Hamilton by Mr. Mill in the work which has by this time become famous. In the present part he simply deals with Chapters XVII., XVIII., and XIX. of Mr. Mill's book, leaving the preceding chapters, as well as the eight following, for subsequent handling. The instalment, however, consists of a hundred pages; so that at this rate the complete work will be of very considerable size, and the task sufficient to appal any but a Scotch or a German metaphysician. The writer undertakes to show that Mr. Mill contradicts himself throughout, and that not only are his arguments against Hamilton everywhere groundless, but that everywhere he himself admits them to be so. We cannot again enter into the controversy—at any rate, in the present fragmentary state of this reply to Mr. Mill; but we must remark that the writer adopts a flippant tone which does not sit well on him.

The Hudson's Bay Company: its Position and Prospects. By James Dodds. With a Map. (Stanford.)—Mr. Dodds is a shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company, and on the 24th of last January he delivered an address on the affairs of that corporation to a meeting of his brother shareholders at the London Tavern. The present pamphlet is a reproduction, with considerable additions, of the discourse which he then uttered; and it contains, not merely a statement of the existing position of the Company, and suggestions as to its policy in the future, but a succinct history of its formation and its operations in the past. Mr. Dodds clearly foresees, as every one else does, that the territory must, sooner or later, and probably at no very distant date, pass out of the hands of its present owners, and be thrown open to the free colonisation of the British race; but he argues that the directors should make a good bargain with the purchasers, and he sets down five millions sterling as about the standard of the price on which they ought to insist. The pamphlet is full of interesting details, and may be read with advantage as a statement of one side of an important question.

The Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art, delivered in the Theatre of the Museum of Industry, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in April and May, 1865. Third Series. (Bell & Daldy.)—The Lectures contained in this small volume are six in number, and consist of discourses on "History and Progress," by Professor D'Arcy W. Thompson, Queen's College, Galway; on "The Influence of Foreign Literature on English Literature," by the Rev. James Byrne, M.A.; on "The Principles and Uses of Alliteration in Poetry," by Evory Kennedy, M.D., &c.; on "Milton's Prose," by the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Keogh; on "Decorative Art in its Connection with Modern Science," by Mr. J. H. Pollen; and on "Berkeley," by Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C. Where so many distinct subjects are presented to our view within so small a compass, we must decline to enter into specific criticism. No topic is more than cursorily handled; but the essays are entertaining, and to many readers will be suggestive.

Waterloo. A Story of the Hundred Days. Being a Sequel to "The Conscript." (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—This is a translation from another of the now famous Erckmann-Chatrian fictions. We have already introduced our readers to the general characteristics of these tales, and are therefore exonerated from doing more than simply recording the appearance of an English version of the present work, which describes in the well-known style of the authors one of the most deeply-interesting events of modern history.

Our Reptiles. By M. C. Cooke. (Hardwicke.)—A Plain and Easy Account of the Land and Fresh-water Mollusks of Great Britain. By Ralph Tate, F.G.S., F.A.S.L. (Same Publisher.)—We have here two popularly-written treatises, intended, not for scientific men, but for more humble inquirers. The first treats of the lizards, snakes, newts, toads, frogs, and tortoises of this island; the second of the slug and snail family. Both are agreeably written, and handsomely illustrated with coloured plates and woodcuts.

On the Relations between Masters and Men. By "Incognito." (Effingham Wilson.)—The object of "Incognito" is to recommend the principle of paying the employed in large manufactories by a share in the profits. He speaks as one who has been both master and man, and says that the plan has been tried successfully. Several details are given in the pamphlet before us.

On Inhalation. By Hermann Beigel, M.D., L.R.C.P.L., &c. (Hardwicke.)—As the result of several trials and much experience, Dr. Beigel, who is Assistant-Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, prescribes inhalation as a means of local treatment of the organs of respiration, by atomized fluids and gases. The work mainly concerns medical men, to whose attention we recommend it.

We have also received a second edition of *Household Theology, a Handbook of Religious Information*, by the Rev. John Henry Blunt (Rivingtons);—a new edition of Dr. E. M. Goulburn's *Thoughts on Personal Religion* (Same Publishers);—a new edition, with illustrations, of the Rev. Mr. Adams's *Sacred Allegories* (Same Publishers);—a reprint, with woodcuts, of *Gil Blas* (Routledge & Sons);—*How to Cook and Serve Eggs in One Hundred Different Ways*, by Georgiana Hill

(Same Publishers);—*Manifesto of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Chile on the Present War between the Republic and Spain* (Singer & Co.);—*Statistics of Church and Chapel Accommodation in London in 1865* (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—a pamphlet on *The Irish Branch of the United Church*, and certain suggested reforms in it, by the Very Rev. William Atkins, D.D. (Rivingtons);—*The First Sister of Mercy*, a short sketch of the life of Mother Catharine M'Auley (Burns, Lambert, & Oates);—*An Argument for an Extension of the Franchise*, a Letter addressed to G. J. Holyoake, Esq., by William Hale White (Farrar);—*An Appeal for Royalty*, being a Letter to the Queen from Mrs. Ryves, the lady claiming to be considered Princess of Cumberland and Duchess of Lancaster (Freeman);—and *Rinderpest, or the Treatment of Cattle*, by Lord Kinnaird (Ridgway).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SINCE our last issue, further particulars of the attempt now being made in America to prevail upon Congress to enter into negotiations with this country, with a view to the passing of an international copyright law, have come to hand. The *Round Table* says:—"It is but just to say that when the subject was first broached to representatives and senators it was not received with very marked cordiality. The political questions of the hour were so prominent in thought and discussion that other matters could meet with but little favour. When it was known, however, that the memorials were the strongest that had ever been addressed to the national Congress on behalf of the authors of the country, embracing, as they did, before their final presentation, the names of nearly all the prominent writers, there were found those who would listen to, and take an interest in, the project." It was thought to come within the province of several committees; but, as Mr. Sumner represented literary interests more than any other member of the Senate or House, those having the matter in charge desired that it should be presented by himself, and be considered by his committee. Meanwhile, other petitions are in circulation, and it is thought that every name of importance in the country will be secured. Another method adopted for agitating the question has been the posting of circulars to some thousands of editors with the request that they will insert articles urging the great importance of an international copyright law. The *Round Table* says:—"There are two methods of accomplishing the end desired. One is by international treaty, and the other by legislation on the part of our Government, which will provoke corresponding action on the part of the English Government." Those American publishing firms "who have profited, and who hope to keep profiting, by the republication of works for which they do not pay the authors," are to be opposed by a new association known as the "Friends of American Letters"—a society embracing authors and journalists "from all parts of the country, who, for a common object," says a correspondent of the journal just quoted, "can act in a thousand ways upon public opinion," and who will endeavour, as far as they are able, to dissuade the reading public from buying the editions issued by the pirating firms.

If a stranger, on Wednesday, had entered the auction room of that house in Leicester-square where Sir Joshua Reynolds formerly resided, he would probably have experienced very considerable surprise at the appearance of the place and the proceedings going on. If, too, he had been informed that the scores and hundreds of dresses and garments which hung in every direction were the spoil from some Eastern city which had been sacked, he might very well have believed the statement. The sale of the theatrical wardrobe of the late Royal English Opera Company was taking place, and costumes of every conceivable kind were being knocked down to a small knot of people—half Christian, half Jew—who appeared to treat these gorgeous and spangled clothes in a very matter-of-fact sort of way. There were harlequins' suits, clowns' suits, and thrillingly-sensational demons' garments, which could be purchased complete by any aspirant to histrionic fame for 25s. each, or at least not more than 30s. The dresses of forty beautiful fairies realized only 5s. 6d.; and a magnificent Charles II. suit, ruffled and laced, brought only 50s. The wardrobe was very strong in Chinese Mandarins' dresses, all fully padded, and doublets and jerkins could be had by the dozen. "Eight tights in a lot" was a curious item to speculate in; and it was rumoured that a mysterious magician's dress, covered all over with glittering hieroglyphics, was secured by a well-known spiritualist; but this was only a report in the room. Ladies' slips and Elizabethan trunks were prominent items; but the strangest article was a very terrible green devil which hung from the ceiling by his tail. The catalogue enumerating these "properties" would puzzle any non-professional; but the buyers, surrounded by these garments of departed demons, clowns, fairies, and magicians, haggled and bid and jostled each other as if all mysteries were known to them. To the stranger unaccustomed to such sights, the sale was a puzzle. The costumes of all periods and classes of society hung around the room, and, in the middle, the lessee of Astley's, and a few other theatrical celebrities, might be seen surrounded by the children of Israel.

The sale of the library of the late George Petrie, LL.D., has commenced in Dublin. Although the catalogue title promises us rare and standard works in various classes, "manuscripts, old tracts, music, and maps," we have been somewhat disappointed in looking it over. The books are almost all disposed of in single lines, and the descriptive character of our London sale catalogues is thus lost.

A contemporary, a few weeks since, directed very marked attention to the practice of a foreign West-end bookseller in twisting adverse criticisms into good ones for advertising purposes—thus deceiving the public, and, as the journal in question stated, "converting condemnation into entirely unmerited eulogy." Another instance has just been shown to us. In a denunciatory review of a work by a new poet, the writer remarked:—"And this extraordinary production Mr. — modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe!" which unsatisfactory opinion was thus served up to the public in next week's advertisement:—"Extraordinary production *** equal to Goethe."

The American journals just now are full of particulars of ice-yachting, which has come greatly into fashion during the present winter. At a distance, these ice-boats closely resemble the ordinary fast sailing-boats seen in our rivers. They are flat-bottomed, and have a long board with a cutter, or guide, at the end, extending out from the side, similar to the contrivance employed in some of the boats of the islanders in Polynesia. They dart along at an incredible speed, affording, it is said, the most exhilarating of all known passive exercises. Very lately there was an "Ice-boat Expedition" from Albany to Poughkeepsie. This is an account of the excursion:—"The condition of the ice was all that could be desired, and, had the wind been 'on the beam' instead of 'aft,' the time made would have been glorious. All the way from Poughkeepsie to Hudson, the river was covered with one continuous sheet of smooth, glassy ice, and, as the trim little vessel ran before the wind, the crinkling sound of the runners, and the whistling of Old Boreas through the cordage, mingled joyously with the shouts of the occupants. There was no need of a 'look-out' man to shout 'humps to the larboard,' or 'humps to the starboard;' the whole course, for forty miles or more, was unobstructed."

Mr. George Seton, F.S.A., the author of a very able work upon Scottish heraldry, recently published by Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas, is, we believe, a candidate for the vacant post of Lord Lyon King of Arms. Several Scotch peers are rival candidates; amongst them, Lord Belhaven and the Earl of Southesk, but it is thought that Mr. Seton, from his knowledge of the duties of the office, will gain the appointment.

Mr. Fairholt, the artist and antiquary, lies in a very dangerous condition. For some time past, the health of this gentleman has been declining, and latterly his lungs have become seriously affected.

The application of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth to Vice-Chancellor Page Wood to restrain Mr. Bentley from affixing his name to *Temple Bar*, which has recently become the latter's property, has been the subject of very general conversation in literary circles during the past week. It appears that Mr. Ainsworth's demand arises out of a purchase made by him several years ago from Mr. Bentley, when it was stipulated that no other Magazine should be started or published by the latter, or, at least, have his name on the cover. In the face of this arrangement, the Vice-Chancellor granted an injunction; and now, we believe, although *Temple Bar* will continue to be published at 8, New Burlington-street, it will be without the name of Mr. Bentley as publisher or proprietor.

A Mr. M. B. Brady has offered to the New York Historical Society his very large photographic collection of war views and portraits of representative men of the United States. The society, in accepting it, has promised to set apart for its exhibition a room in its new building to be erected in the Central Park, New York. In order to compensate Mr. Brady for the time and money he has expended during the past twenty-five years in collecting these pictures, it is proposed to obtain a fund of £6,000 to be given to him, subscriptions to which are solicited by the society.

On Monday, the library of the late Dr. James Morton, prebendary of Lincoln, will be sold by auction in London. The collection appears to be a very extensive one.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. have nearly ready—"The Diary of the Right Hon. W. Windham, M.P., 1783-1809," edited by Mrs. Henry Baring, 1 vol.; "The Church and the World, Essays by Various Writers," edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley; a second edition, revised and completed, of "The Ethics of Aristotle," illustrated with essays and notes, by Sir A. Grant, Bart., 2 vols.; "The Toxicologist's Guide, a new Manual on Poisons," by John Horsley; and "The Treasury of Bible Knowledge," by the Rev. John Ayre, with plates, maps, woodcuts, &c.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. have just published a volume, entitled "The War in New Zealand," by William Fox, late Colonial Secretary and Native Minister of the Colony.

Messrs. BLACKIE & SON are now publishing, in monthly parts, "Villa and Cottage Architecture," select examples of country and suburban residences, recently erected by various architects, with descriptive notices. Parts I. and II. are ready.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have nearly ready—"The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," a novel, by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," 2 vols.; "Hereward, the Last of the English," a novel, by Charles Kingsley, 2 vols.; "A Son of the Soil," a novel, 2 vols. also a "Class Book of New Testament History, including the Connection of the Old and New Testament," with maps, by the Rev. G. F. Maclear; "Key to a One Shilling Book of Arithmetic," &c.

Messrs. JAMES NISBET & Co.'s announcements include a second and final volume of General "Stonewall" Jackson's Memoirs (revised by General Robert E. Lee); "Expository Lectures on the History of Joseph," by the Rev. Charles Overton, Author of "Cottage Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress"; a second edition of the Rev. Thomas Binney's "Life and Ministry of St. Paul," and of the "Praise Book," a compilation of hymns and appropriate tunes, by the Rev. William Reid, M.A., Edinburgh, and H. E. Dibdin, Esq.; a fourth edition of Dr. Cumming's last prophetic work, entitled, "The Last Warning Cry;" and the "Common Salvation, or Sin, the Sinner, and the Saviour," Discourses by the late Adam Foreman, of the Free Church, Leven, Fife.

Messrs. LOW, SON, & MARSTON have announced for the 2nd of April the authorized English translation of M. Victor Hugo's new novel, entitled "The Toilers of the Sea," in 3 vols.; "Travelling in Spain," illustrated, &c.; "Letters on England," by Louis Blanc, 2 vols.; a Catalogue of all the Books Published in Great Britain during the year 1865; a "Biography of Admiral Sir B. P. V. Broke, Bart., K.C.B.," by the Rev. John G. Brighton, with numerous illustrations; and a "History of Banks for Savings," by the author of "Her Majesty's Mails," &c.

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 Afternoon Lectures at Dublin. 3rd series. Fcap., 5s.
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 Anderleigh Hall, by E. C. Nugent. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
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 Brown (Rev. A.), Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship. 18mo., 1s.
 Burns' (Robert) Works, edited by Professor Wilson. New edit. 2 vols. Royal 8vo., £1. 16s.
 Captain Castagnette: his Adventures, &c. Illustrated by G. Doré. 8vo., 5s.
 Carpenter (J. E.), Sunday Readings. Vol. I. Fcap., 1s.
 Casual Acquaintance (A). by Mrs. D. Hardy. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 16s.
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ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.

GARDENS, REGENT'S-PARK.
 EXHIBITIONS OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT.—Wednesdays, May 8th, June 8th, and July 4th. Tickets 4s. each, to be obtained at the Gardens only, by vouchers from Fellows of the Society.
 John Waterer's AMERICAN PLANTS will be Exhibited in June.
 The next Exhibition of Spring Flowers, Saturday, April 7th. Tickets 2s. 6d. each.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—MR. WILLIAM PAUL'S EXHIBITION OF SPRING FLOWERS is now open. Admission, Saturdays and Tuesdays, 2s. 6d., Mondays 6d., and other days 1s. Band at three on Saturdays.

A CHURCH WANTED.—A benevolent person wishing to build a Church may hear of an opportunity by applying, by letter, to B. No. 28, Bartholomew Villas, Bartholomew-road, N.W. An excellent site, the future care of the Church, Divine service daily, and a trained choir, can be secured. The expense of building the Church will be according to the desire and means of the Benefactor.

TO AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS.—

An experienced Facsimilist would be happy to undertake the exact reproduction in Lithography or otherwise of *Printed Books, Engravings, Manuscripts or Drawings*.—Address, F. S., care of Messrs. Brodie and Middleton, Artists' Colourmen, 79, Long Acre, London.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that no further sums can be received as payment in full in anticipation of Calls, in respect of the Scrip Certificates of this Company, after Saturday the 14th of April next, until further Notice.

DEVON, Chairman.

6, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

ATLANTIC and GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the Holders of Bonds, Debentures, and Shares of this Company will be held at the London Tavern, on Thursday the 29th inst., at 12 for 1 o'clock precisely, to receive the report for the past year.

S. MORTON PETO, Chairman of the London Board of Control.

5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, March 22nd, 1866.

ATLANTIC and GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—NEW YORK DIVISION,

SECOND MORTGAGE BONDS: Pennsylvania Division, First Mortgage Bonds.—Interest payable 2nd April, at the CONSOLIDATED BANK (Limited). The Coupons from the above Bonds will be paid on the 2nd April, at the rate of 4s. to the dollar, and must be left two clear days at the Office of the Company, 5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, for examination. If sent by post, a cheque for the amount will be remitted in course.

5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, March 20, 1866.

THE SUBURBAN VILLAGE and GENERAL DWELLINGS COMPANY

(Limited).
 Incorporated under the Companies' Act, 1862, whereby the liability of each Shareholder is limited to the amount of his shares.

Capital £1,000,000, in 100,000 shares of £10 each.

With power to increase.

£1 deposit to be paid on application, and £1 on allotment.

No future calls to exceed £1, nor to be made at less intervals than three months. Where no allotment is made the deposits will be returned in full. First issue £200,000.

HON. PRESIDENT.—Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P.

TRUSTEES.

Andrew Lusk, Esq., M.P., Alderman.

Professor Fawcett, M.P.

George Cruikshank, Esq.

CHAIRMAN.—John Everitt, Esq., Allhallow Chambers, Lombard-street, E.C.

DIRECTORS.

Jabez Burns, D.D., 17, Porteous-road, Paddington.

William Hardwicke, Esq., M.D. (Deputy-Coroner for Central Middlesex), 70, Mornington-road.

C. Jones, Esq., 10, Grafton-street, St. James's.

Brownlow Poulter, Esq., Blackheath.

G. Linnaeus Banks, Esq., 33, Cloudeley-square, N.

Robert White, Esq., Sydenham.

H. N. Barnett, Esq., 7, Yonge Park, N.

J. Edward Panter, Esq., Lee Park, Kent.

Edward Beales, Esq., 47, York-st., Portman-sq., W.

E. Moore, Esq., 2, Aldridge Villas, Westbourne-park.

Edward Vigers, Esq., Tavistock Lodge, Upper Westbourne-park, W.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Twells, & Co., Lombard-street, E.C.; The Imperial Bank, Lothbury, and Victoria-street, Westminster.

STANDING COUNSEL.—Frederick Pridemore, Esq., 3, New-square, Lincoln's-inn.

SOLICITOR.—John J. J. Sudlow, Esq., 4, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

ARCHITECTS.—Messrs. Banks & Barry, 1, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

SURVEYORS.—Messrs. Leifchild & Cheffins, 62, Moor-gate street, E.C.

AUDITOR.—Charles Brown, Esq., Basinghall-street.

SECRETARY.—William Jones, Esq.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.—4, Queen-street-place, Cannon-street West, E.C.

Applications for prospectuses and shares may be made to the Solicitor, Secretary, and Bankers of the Company.

An estate of upwards of ten acres, situate within three minutes' walk of the Honor Oak Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, has been secured by the Directors as the site of their first village, on which operations will be commenced with all possible promptitude.

THE SUBURBAN VILLAGE and GENERAL DWELLINGS COMPANY

(Limited).

All APPLICATIONS for SHARES in this Company must be sent in not later than SATURDAY next, 24th instant, for London, and MONDAY, 26th, for the Country.

By order,

WILLIAM JONES, Secretary.

Temporary office, 4, Queen-street-place, Cannon-street West, E.C.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND.

(Established in the year 1834.)

OPENED for the transaction of Banking Business in London on the 10th January, 1866, at the Head Office, Bishopsgate-street, corner of Threadneedle-street; and at the St. James's Branch, 14, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Subscribed Capital £2,100,000 0 0

Paid-up Capital 1,080,000 0 0

Reserve Fund 225,452 6 2

Number of Shareholders, 1704.

The NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, having numerous branches in England and Wales, as well as agents and correspondents at home and abroad, affords great facilities to parties transacting banking business with it in London. Customers keeping accounts with the Bank in town may have monies paid to their credit at its various Branches, and remitted free of charge.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are conducted at the Head Office and at St. James's Branch on the usual terms of London Banks.

DEPOSITS at INTEREST are received of sums of £10 and upwards, for which receipts are granted called deposit receipts, and interest is allowed according to the value of money from time to time as advertised by the Bank in the newspapers.

The AGENCY of COUNTRY and FOREIGN BANKS, whether joint-stock or private, is undertaken.

PURCHASES and SALES are EFFECTED in all British and Foreign Stocks, and Dividends, Annuities, &c., received for customers.

CIRCULAR NOTES for the use of travellers on the Continent will be issued as soon as arrangements can be made.

The OFFICERS of the BANK are bound to secrecy as regards the transactions of its customers.

COPIES of the 32nd ANNUAL REPORT of the Bank, Lists of Shareholders, Branches, Agents, and Correspondents, may be had on application at the Head Office and at St. James's Branch.

By order of the Directors,

A. ROBERTSON, Joint General

E. ATKINSON, Managers.

THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT, CASH ACCOUNT, and BALANCE SHEET of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, are now printed, and will be given on a written or personal application.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

39, King-street, Cheapside, E.C.

21st February, 1866.